



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

4

Malone L. 252.



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEAR:

REGULARLY SELECTED FROM
EACH PLAY,
WITH A
GENERAL INDEX
DIGESTING THEM UNDER PROPER HEADS.



ILLUSTRATED WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND SIMILAR PASSAGES,
FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

BY WILLIAM DODD, L.L.D.

LATE OF CLARE-HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. See *Mid.Night's Dr.* vol. i. p. 232.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE THIRD EDITION WITH LARGE ADDITIONS,
AND THE
AUTHOR'S LAST CORRECTIONS.

VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED
FOR J. MACGOWAN, No. 27, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
M,DCC,LXXX.

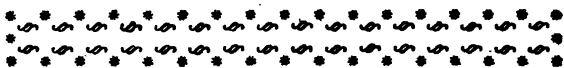
THE C O N T E N T S OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

COMEDIES.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.	- - -	PAGE 1
DISSERTATION ON THE PRÆTERNATURAL BE- INGS OF SHAKESPEAR, FROM MRS. MONTAGUE,		18
THE TEMPEST,	- - - - -	28
THE TWELFTH NIGHT,	- - - - -	59
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,	- - -	80
THE WINTER'S TALE,	- - - - -	101

TRAGÉDIES.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,	- - -	133
CORIOLANUS,	- - - - -	159
CYMBELINE,	- - - - -	177
HAMLET,	- - - - -	203
GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON HAMLET FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,	- - - - -	249



T H E
B E A U T I E S
O F
S H A K E S P E A R.

X.

The Taming of the Shrew.

I N D U C T I O N.

SCENE II. *Hounds.*

THY hounds (1) shall make the welkin answer
them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

(1) See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 4. Sc. 2. • In
the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 2. Sc. 2. *Palamon* says,

To our *Theban* hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we hollow, no more shake

VOL. II. B OUR

Painting.

Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight,
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
 And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
 Which ſeem to move, and wanton with her breath,
 Ev'n as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
 And melancholy is the nurſe of phrenzy;
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
 Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Uſes of Travel and Study.

Luc. *Tranio*, ſince—for the great deſire I had
 To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,—
 I am arriv'd from fruitful *Lombardy*,
 The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
 And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
 With his good-will, and thy good company,
 My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
 Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
 A courſe of learning and ingenious ſtudies.
 • *Piſa*, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the *Bentivoli*;

Vincentio,

Our pointed javelins, whiſt the angry ſwine
 Flies like a *Parthian* quiver, from our rages,
 Struck with our well-ſteel'd darts.

Vincentio his son, (2) brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind : for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come ; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks, (3)
As *Ovid* be an ourcast quite abjur'd :
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
Music, and poesy, use to quicken you ;
The mathematicks, and the metaphisicks,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you :
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Money

(2) *Vincentio his son.*] Means the son of *Vincentio*, or as we should say, *Vincentio's* son. This mode of expression is common with the old writers. See *Love's Labour lost*,

His teeth as white as whale his bone.

(3) *Aristotle's checks.*] i. e. The harsh rules of *Aristotle*.
St.

Money an Inducement to marry with the vilest.

Gre. Think'st thou, (4) *Hortensio*, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be marry'd to hell?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*, though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Love (5) at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it possible, That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, *Tranio*, (6) till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely;

But

{4} *Think'st thou, &c.*] So a little after *Grumio* says, "Nay look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why give him gold enough and marry him to an *aglet-baby*, or an old trot with never a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases, as two-and-fifty horses; why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal." And *Petruchio*, immediately after, on *Hortensio's* remonstrance, says, —"Peace, thou know'st not *gold's* effect." (See *Much ado about Nothing*.) This is a truth too frequently and unhappily verified in the matrimonial world.

{5} *Love, &c.*] Love conceived at first sight is the subject of most romances; and the philosophy of these northern climes looks for it only there: but if we consult the volume of nature more at large, we shall find that such extempore passions are not infrequent in the more southern regions of the world: and the clear and warm air of *Italy* communicates a brisker motion to the heart and spirits, than our natural phlegm can possibly be sensible of. *Mrs. G.* See the note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

{6} *O Tranio, &c.*] Speaking of the lady, who had thus engaged his heart, he says, soon after,

I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air.
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

But see ! while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness :
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear
 As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
 If I atchieve not this young modest girl :
 Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst ;
 Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
 Affection is not rated (7) from the heart :
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quàm queas minimò.

Travel.

Such wind (8) as scatters young men thro' the
 world,
 To seek their fortunes further than at home,
 Where small experience grows.

Woman's

(7) *Rated.*] i. e. chid, or counselled away. Instead of *touch'd* in the next line, *Warburton* reads *toyl'd*, which the next line from *Terence*, says he, shews to be the true reading. *J.* &c., desirous to reduce poor *S's* learning as low as possible, assure us, that he had the next line from *Lilly* ! which I mention, says *J.*, “ that it might not be brought as an argument of *his learning* :” wonderful kindness to our noble poet ! *Risum teneatis* ? See *Colman's* spirited *Appendix*, at the end of his translation of *Terence*.

(8) *Such wind, &c.*] *Hortensio* had asked,

———What happy gale
 Blows you to *Padua* here from old *Verona* ?

See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Woman's Tongue.

(9) Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
 And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
 That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear, (10)
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Extremes cure each other.

When two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury;
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Musick.

Preposterous as! that never read so far,
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
 Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
 After his studies, of his usual pain?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,
 And, when I pause, serve in your harmony.

SCENE

(9) See *Comedy of Errors*, Act 5. Sc. 3.(10) *Th' ear.*] *W.* commonly, *bear.*

SCENE. II. *Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.*

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements, (11)
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

—When the priest
Did ask if *Catherine* should be his wife;

Ay,

(11) *These poor accoutrements.*] This is the droll description which *S.* gives of them—"Why, *Petruchio* is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelgoss, with two broken points. His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, posset with the glanders, and like to none in the chine, troubled with the lampasses, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with the spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure of the wives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back; and shoulder shotten; near legg'd before, and with a half check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

Bat. Who comes with him?

Bed. O, Sir, his lacquey, for all the world, caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose, on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey."

"Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and swore so loud,
 That all-amaz'd the priest let fall the book;
 And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
 "Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tran. What said the wench when he rose up again?

Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamped
 and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him;
 But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine: "a health," quoth he, as if
 H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates
 After a storm; quafft off the muscadel, (12)
 And threw the fops all in the sexton's face;
 Having no other cause, but that his beard
 Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
 His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took
 The bride about the neck, and kist her lips
 With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
 All the church echo'd.

ACT

(12) *Quafft off the muscadel.*] It appears from this passage and the following one, in the *History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. *Armin's* play begins thus;

Enter a maid strewing flowers, and a serving man perfuming the door.

Maid. Strew, strew.

Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church,
 The priest and *Hymen's* ceremonies 'tend
 To make them man and wife.

Again, in *Decker's Satiromastix*, 1602.

And when we are at church, bring the wine and cakes.

We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in *Winchester* cathedral, 1554. "The trumpets

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish,—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy :
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Catb. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time, (13)
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Catb. Why, Sir, I trust, (14) I may have leave to
speak ;
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe ;

Your

trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned until masse was done : at which tyme, wyne and fopes were hallowed and delivered to them both." Collect. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400. Edit. 1770. See *St.* and *Warton*.

(13) *Doth fit the time.*] i. e. is fashionable. Mrs. G.

(14) *Why, Sir, I trust, &c.*] Warburton observes on this passage, that " S. has here copied nature with great skill ;—*Petruchio* by frightening, starving, and over-watching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission : and the audience expect to hear no more of the shrew : when on her being crossed in the article of fashion and finery, ' the most inveterate folly of the sex,' she flies out again for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature." It is but just to hear a lady's reply to this remark of the critic : " This," says Mrs. G. " is being severe on our sex at a very cheap rate indeed : foibles, passions, and inconsiderable attachments, are equally common to all mankind, without distinction of gender : and the difference of objects gives no sort of advantage to men,

B 5

over

Your betters have endured me say my mind ;
 And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
 And, rather, than it shall, I will be free,
 Even to the uttermost, as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,
 A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pye :
 I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap ;
 And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay : come, taylor, let's
 see't.

[Taylor lays forth the gown.]

O, mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !
 What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :
 What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart ?
 Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
 Like to a censer's (15) in a barber's shop :
 Why, what, a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this ?

Hor.

over us : as all eager pursuits, except those of virtue, are
 alike ridiculous, in the candid and impartial estimation of
 reason and philosophy :

Another Florio doating on a flower."

Young.

(15) *To a censer, &c*] Censers, in barbers shops are
 now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been
 vessels, which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut
 with great number and variety of interstices. *J.*—who
 adds, the *taylor's* trade having an appearance of effeminacy,
 has always been among the rugged *English*, liable to sar-
 casms and contempt. Nothing can be more humorously
 pointed than the following droll description of the taylor,
 by *Petruchio*.

O monstrous arrogance !—thou ly'st, thou shears,
 thou thimble,

Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread,

Away,

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Be like, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good *Kate*, neither art thou the worse,
For this poor furniture and mean array.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A lovely Woman.

(16) Fair lovely woman, young and affable,
More

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

(16) These speeches are found in the first draught of
this

More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
 Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
 Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth :
 —Sweet *Catherine*, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
 Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird ;
 As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
 Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,
 And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
 Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
 Lest that thy beauty make this stately town,
 Unhabitable as the burning zone,
 With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

SCENE II. *Happiness attained.*

Happily I have arriv'd at last,
 Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

SCENE

this play, printed in 1607; they seem evidently to be of S's hand, and well worth preserving; speeches preferred to them, are here subjoined.

Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face !
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee :—
 Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Cath. Young budding virgin fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away ; or where is thy abode ?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars,
 Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

An attentive reader, *Steevens* thinks, will perceive in the speech in the text several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of S. whence he concludes, that the first draught, as it is called, was not the work of S.

SCENE III. *Others measured by ourselves.*

He that (17) is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, *Lucentio* flipt me for his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, (18) peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in nofense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband (19) is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy

(17) *He that, &c.*] The widow explains her meaning
in this general observation, by saying afterwards,

Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

(18) *Marry, &c.*] *Petrucio* says this on *Hortensio's*
wondering, what *Catherine's* submission might bode.

(19) *Thy husband, &c.*] Leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,

Safest

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance; commits his body
 To painful labour both by sea and land!
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;
 And craves (20) no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too

Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
Adam in Par. Lost, B. 9. 263.

And a little before he says,

Nothing lovelier can be found,
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.

(20) *And craves, &c.*] *Statius*, speaking of a good wife,
 in the 5th book of his *Silvæ*, says,

——— *Mallet paupertate pudica
 Intemperata mari, vitæque impendere famæ:
 Nec frons triste rigens, nimisque in moribus horror,
 Sed simplex hilarisque fides, & mixta pudori
 Gratia: quid sit, &c.*

She'd rather chuse, 'midst poverty and shame,
 Her life to lose, than live in wealth and fame;
 No fullen frowns upon her forehead lour;
 No froward temper and behaviour sour
 Destroy th' unruffled softness of her mind;
 For ever easy, affable and kind;
 Chaste, with good-humour, with reserv'dness, free,
 And still more cheerful in adversity.

In the *Amphitruon* of *Plautus* (Act 2. Sc. 2.) *Alcmena*
 speaks thus:

What the world calls a portion with a wife
 I boast not of, as such: but chastity
 Becoming shame, and moderate desires;
 My fear of heav'n, my fondness of my parents,
 My friendship, and regard for our relations,
 The course of my behaviour towards yourself;
 My bounty to the good, and my concern
 To cherish virtue, and reward the virtuous.

Anony. See p. 30.

Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :
 And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will ;
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
 Why are our bodies, soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts ?
 Come, come you froward and unable worms,
 My mind hath been as big, as one of yours ;
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
 But now I see our lances are but straws :
 Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare ;
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, (21) for it is no boot ;
 And place your hands beneath your husband's foot ;

In

(21) *Then vail your stomachs.*] Cover your resentments. See note on *Love's Labour lost*, Act 5. Mrs G. omits these four last lines, "because" says she, "the doctrine of *passive obedience* and *non resistance* in the state of marriage, is there carried, perhaps, rather a little too far. But I will quote them," adds she, "as they afford me an opportunity of remarking on the nature of too prompt reformers, who are apt to run into the very contrary extreme at once ; betraying more of the *time server*, than the *convert*."

But, in general, indeed, it has been observed, that the most haughty tyrants become, on a reverse of fortune, the most abject slaves ; and this, from a like principle, in both cases ; that they are apt to impute the same spirit of despotism to the conqueror, that they were before impressed with themselves ; and consequently, are brought to tremble at the apprehension of their own vice."

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

General Observation.

“The title of this play,” says *St.*, “was probably taken from an old story, called *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin, or the Taming of a Sbrew.*”

“Nothing has yet been produced,” says *C.*, “that is likely to have given the poet occasion for writing this play, neither has it (in truth) the air of a novel; so that we may reasonably suppose it a work of invention. That part of it, I mean, which gives it its title. For one of its underwalks, or plots, to wit, the story of *Lucentio*, in almost all its branches (this love affair, and the artificial conduct of it; the pleasant incident of the pedant; and the characters of *Vincentio*, *Tranio*, *Gremio*, and *Biondello*) is formed upon a comedy of *George Gascoigne’s*, called *Supposes*, a translation from *Ariosto’s I Suppositi*: which comedy was acted by the gentlemen of *Gray’s-Inn* in 1566; and may be seen in the translator’s works, of which there are several old editions. And the odd induction of this play is taken from *Goulart’s Histoires admirables de notre Temps*; who relates it as a real fact, practised upon a mean artisan at *Brussels*, by *Philip the Good*, Duke of *Burgundy*. *Goulart* was translated into *English*, by one *Edward Gremeson*: the edition I have of it was printed in 1607, quarto, by *George Eld*, where this story may be found, at p. 587. but for any thing that there appears to the contrary, the book might have been printed before.” *Farmer* labours hard to prove that this comedy is not genuine. *Steevens* however observes, that the players delivered it down amongst the rest as one of *S’s* own: and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision, for *S’s* hand is very visible in every scene. “Of this play,” says *J.*, “the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet it is not distracted by unconnected incidents. The part between *Catherine* and *Petruchio* is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of *Bianca*, the

arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity, than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting." See the *Tatler*, Vol. IV. No. 231.

In Act 5. latter end of Sc. 2. *Lucentio* says,

Counterfeit *supposes* blear'd thine eye.

For so, says an ingenious Annotator, it should be read, plainly alluding to *Gascoigne's Supposes* above mentioned.

Dis-



DISSERTATION

On the Praternatural Beings of SHAKESPEAR.

[*From Mrs. Montague.*]

WE should do great injustice to the genius of S. if we did not attend to his peculiar felicity, in those fictions and inventions, from which poetry derives its highest distinction, and from whence it first assumed its pretensions to divine inspiration, and appeared the associate of religion.

The ancient poet was admitted into the synod of the Gods: he discoursed of their natures, he repeated their counsels, and, without the charge of impiety or presumption, disclosed their dissensions, and published their vices. He peopled the woods with nymphs, the rivers with deities; and, that he might still have some being within call to his assistance, he placed responsive echo in the vacant regions of air.

In the infant ages of the world, the credulity of ignorance greedily received every marvellous tale: but, as mankind increased in knowledge, and a long series of traditions had established a certain mythology and history, the poet was no longer permitted to range, uncontrolled, through the boundless dominions of fancy, but became restrained, in some measure, to things believed or known. Though the duty of poetry to please and to surprise still subsisted, the means varied with the state of the world, and it soon grew necessary to make the new inventions lean on the old traditions.—The human mind delights in novelty, and is captivated by the marvellous; but even in fable itself requires the credible.—The poet, who
can

can give to splendid inventions, and to fictions new and bold, the air and authority of reality and truth, is master of the genuine sources of the *Cassalian* spring, and may justly be said to draw his inspiration from the *well-head of pure poetry*.

S. saw how useful the popular superstitions had been to the ancient poets: he felt that they were necessary to poetry itself. One needs only to read some modern *French* heroic poems to be convinced how poorly epic poetry subsists on the pure elements of history and philosophy: *Tasso*, though he had a subject so popular, at the time he wrote, as the deliverance of *Jerusalem*, was obliged to employ the operations of magic, and the interposition of angels and dæmons, to give the marvellous, the sublime, and, I may add, that religious air to his work, which ennobles the enthusiasm, and sanctifies the fiction of the poet. *Ariosto's* excursive muse wanders through the regions of romance, attended by all the superb train of chivalry, giants, dwarfs, and enchanters; and however these poets, by the severe and frigid critics may have been condemned for giving ornaments not purely classical, to their works, I believe every reader of taste admires, not only the fertility of their imagination, but the judgment with which they availed themselves of the superstition of the times, and of the customs and modes of the country, in which they laid their scenes of action.

To recur, as the learned sometimes do, to the mythology and fables of other ages, and other countries, has ever a poor effect: *Jupiter*, *Minerva*, and *Apollo*, only embellish a modern story, as a print from their statues adorns the frontispiece.—We admire indeed the art of the sculptors who give their images with grace and majesty; but no devotion is excited, no enthusiasm kindled, by the representations of characters whose divinity we do not acknowledge.

When

When the Pagan temples ceased to be revered, and the *Parnassian* mount existed no longer, it would have been difficult for the poet of later times to have preserved the divinity of his muse inviolate, if the western world too had not had its sacred fables. While there is any national superstition which credulity has consecrated; any hallowed tradition long revered by vulgar faith; to that sanctuary, that asylum, may the poet resort.—Let him tread the holy ground with reverence; respect the established doctrine; exactly observe the accustomed rites, and the attributes of the object of veneration; then shall he not vainly invoke an inexorable or absent deity. Ghosts, fairies, goblins, elves, were as propitious, were as assistant to *S.* and gave as much of the sublime, and of the marvellous, to his fictions, as nymphs, satyrs, fawns, and even the triple *Geryon*, to the works of ancient bards. Our poet never carries his præternatural beings beyond the limits of the popular tradition. It is true, that he boldly exerts his poetic genius and fascinating powers in that magic circle, *in which none e'er durst walk but he*: but, as judicious as bold, he contains himself within it. He calls up all the stately phantoms in the regions of superstition, which our faith will receive with reverence. He throws into their manners and language a mysterious solemnity, favorable to superstition in general, with something highly characteristic of each particular being which he exhibits. His witches, his ghosts, and his fairies, seem *spirits of health or goblins damn'd; bring with them airs from heaven, or blasts from hell*. His ghosts are sullen, melancholy, and terrible. Every sentence, uttered by the witches, is a prophecy, or a charm; their manners are malignant, their phrases ambiguous, their promises delusive.—The witches' cauldron is a horrid collection of what is most horrid in their supposed incantations. *Ariel* is a spirit, mild, gentle, and sweet, possessed of supernatural powers, but subject to the command of a great magician.

The

The fairies are sportive and gay ; the innocent artificers of harmless frauds, and mirthful delusions. *Puck's* enumeration of the feats of a fairy is the most agreeable recital of their supposed gambols.

To all these beings our poet has assigned tasks, and appropriated manners adapted to their imputed dispositions and characters ; which are continually developing through the whole piece, in a series of operations conducive to the catastrophe. They are not brought in as subordinate or casual agents, but lead the action, and govern the fable ; in which respect our countryman has entered more into theatrical propriety than the *Greek* tragedians.

Every species of poetry has its distinct duties and obligations. The drama does not, like the epic, admit of episode, superfluous persons, or things incredible ; for, as it is observed by a critic of great ingenuity and taste, *, “ that which passes in representation, and challenges, as it were, the scrutiny of the eye, must be truth itself, or something very nearly approaching to it.” It should indeed be what our imagination will adopt, though our reason would reject it. Great caution and dexterity are required in the dramatic poet to give an air of reality to fictitious existence.

In the bold attempt to *give to airy nothing a local habitation and a person*, regard must be paid to fix it in such scenes, and to display it in such actions, as are agreeable to the popular opinion.—Witches holding their sabbath, and saluting passengers on the blasted heath ! ghosts, at the midnight hour, visiting the glimpses of the moon, and whispering a bloody secret, from propriety of place and action, derive a credibility very propitious to the scheme of the poet. Reddere personæ—convenientia cuique, cannot be less his duty in regard to these superior and divine, than to human

* *Hurd*, on Dramatic Imitation.

characters. Indeed, from the invariableness of their natures, a greater consistency and uniformity is necessary ; but most of all, as the belief of their intervention depends entirely on their manners and sentiments suiting with the preconceived opinion of them.

The magician *Prospero* raising a storm : witches performing infernal rites ; or any other exertion of the supposed powers and qualities of the agent, were easily credited by the vulgar.

The genius of *S.* informed him that poetic fable must rise above the simple tale of the nurse ; therefore he adorns the beldame tradition with flowers gathered on classic ground, but still wisely suffering those simples of her native soil, to which the established superstition of her country has attributed a magic spell, to be predominant. Can any thing be more poetical than *Prospero's* address to his attendant spirits before he dismisses them ?

Prof. Ye elves of hills, &c.

Here are agreeably summed up the popular stories concerning the power of magicians. The incantations of the witches in *Macbeth* are more solemn and terrible than those of the *Erichtho* of *Lucan*, or of the *Canidia* of *Horace*. It may be said, indeed, that *S.* had an advantage derived from the more direful character of his national superstitions.

A celebrated writer in his ingenious letters on chivalry, has observed that the *Gothic* manners, and *Gothic* superstitions, are more adapted to the uses of poetry, than the *Grecian*. The devotion of those times was gloomy and fearful, not being purged of the terrors of the *Celtic* fables. The priest often availed himself of the dire inventions of his predecessor the druid. The church of *Rome* adopted many of the *Celtic* superstitions ; others, which were not established by it as points of faith, still maintained a traditional authority among the vulgar. Climate, temper,

per, modes of life, and institutions of government, seem all to have conspired to make the superstitions of the *Celtic* nations melancholy and terrible. Philosophy had not mitigated the austerity of ignorant devotion, or tamed the fierce spirit of enthusiasm. As the bards, who were our philosophers and poets, pretended to be possessed of the dark secrets of magic and divination, they certainly encouraged the ignorant credulity, and anxious fears, to which such impostures owe their success and credit. The retired and gloomy scenes appointed for the most solemn rites of devotion; the austerity and rigour of druidical discipline and jurisdiction; the fasts, the penances, the sad excommunications from the comforts and privileges of civil life; the dreadful anathema, whose vengeance pursued the wretched beyond the grave—which bounds all human power and mortal jurisdiction—must deeply imprint on the mind all those forms of superstition such an hierarchy presented. The bard, who was subservient to the druid, had mixed them in his heroic song; in his historical annals; in his medical practice: genii assisted his heroes; demons decided the fate of the battle; and charms cured the sick, or the wounded. After the consecrated groves were cut down, and the temples demolished, the tales that sprang from thence were still preserved with religious reverence in the minds of the people.

The poet found himself happily situated amidst enchantments, ghosts, goblins; every element supposed the residence of a kind of deity; the genius of the mountain, the spirit of the floods, the oak endowed with sacred prophecy, made men walk abroad with a fearful apprehension

Of powers unseen, and mightier far than they.

On the mountains, and in the woods, stalked the angry spectre; and in the gayest and most pleasing scenes, even within the cheerful haunts of men amongst villages and farms,

Tripp'd

Tripp'd the light fairies, and the dapper elves.

The reader will easily perceive what resources remained for the poet in this visionary land of ideal forms. The general scenery of nature, considered as inanimate, only adorns the descriptive part of poetry; but being, according to the *Celtic* traditions, animated by a kind of intelligences, the bard could better make use of them for his moral purposes. That awe of the immediate presence of the deity, which, among the rest of the vulgar, is confined to temples and altars, was here diffused over every object. They passed trembling through the woods, and over the mountain, and by the lakes, inhabited by these invisible powers; such apprehensions must indeed

Deepen the murmur of the falling floods,
And shed a browner horror on the woods;

Give fearful accents to every whisper of the animate or inanimate creation, and arm every shadow with terrors.

With great reason, therefore, it was asserted, that the western bards had advantage over *Homer* in the superstitions of their country. The religious ceremonies of *Greece* were more pompous than solemn; and seemed as much a part of their civil institutions, as belonging to spiritual matters: nor did they impress so deep a sense of invisible beings, and prepare the mind to catch the enthusiasm of the poet, and to receive with veneration the phantoms he presented.

Our countryman has another superiority over the *Greek* poets, even the earliest of them, who, having imbibed the learning of mysterious *Egypt*, addicted themselves to allegory; but our *Gothic* bard employs the potent agency of sacred fable, instead of mere amusive allegory. When the world becomes learned and philosophical, fable refines into allegory. But the age of fable is the golden age of poetry; when the beams of unclouded reason, and the steady lamp of inquisitive philosophy, throw their penetrating rays upon

upon the phantoms of imagination, they discover them to have been mere shadows, formed by ignorance. The thunderbolts of *Jove*, forged in *Cimmerian* caves ; the cestus of *Venus*, woven by hands of the attracting Graces, cease to terrify and allure. *Echo*, from an amorous nymph, fades into voice, and nothing more ; the very threads of *Iris's* scarf are untwisted ; all the poet's spells are broken, his charms dissolved : deserted on his own enchanted ground, he takes refuge in the groves of philosophy ; but there his divinities evaporate in allegory, in which mystic and insubstantial state they do but weakly assist his operations. By associating his muse with philosophy, he hopes she may establish with the learned the worship she won from the ignorant ; so makes her quit the old traditional fable, from whence she derived her first authority and power, to follow airy hypothesis, and chimerical systems. Allegory, the daughter of fable, is admired by the fastidious wit, and abstruse scholar, when her mother begins to be treated as superannuated, foolish, and doating ; but however well she may please and amuse, not being worshipped as divine, she does not awe and terrify like sacred mythology, nor ever can establish the same fearful devotion, nor assume such arbitrary power over the mind. Her person is not adapted to the stage, nor her qualities to the business and end of dramatic representation. L'Abbe *du Bos* has judiciously distinguished the reasons why allegory is not fit for the drama. What the critic investigated by art and study, the wisdom of nature unfolded to our unlettered poet, or he would not have resisted the prevalent fashion of his allegorizing age ; especially as *Spenser's Fairy Queen* was the admired work of the times.

Allegorical beings, performing acts of chivalry, fell in with the taste of an age that affected abstruse learning, romantic valour, and high-flown gallantry. Prince *Arthur* the *British Hercules*, was brought from ancient ballads and romances, to be allegorized into

the knight of magnanimity, at the court of *Gloriana*. His knights followed him thither, in the same moralized garb, and even the questynge beast received no less honour and improvement from the allegorizing art of *Spencer*, as has been shewn by a critic of great learning, ingenuity, and taste, in his *Observations on the Fairy Queen*.

Our first theatrical entertainments, after we emerged from gross barbarism, were of the allegorical kind. The Christmas carol, and carnival shews, the pious pastimes of our holy-days, were turned into pageant-tries and masques, all symbolical and allegorical.—Our stage rose from hymns to the virgin, and encomiums on the patriarchs and saints : as the *Grecian* tragedies from the hymns to *Bacchus*. Our early poets added narration and action to this kind of psalmody, as *Æschylus* had done to the song of the goat. Much more rapid indeed was the progress of the *Grecian* stage towards perfection.—Philosophy, poetry, eloquence, all the fine arts, were in their meridian glory, when the drama first began to dawn at *Athens*, and gloriously it shone forth, illuminated by every kind of intellectual light.

S. in the dark shades of *Gothic* barbarism, had no resources but in the very phantoms that walked the night of ignorance and superstition : or in touching the latent passions of civil rage and discord ; sure to please best his fierce and barbarous audience, when he raised the bloody ghost, or reared the warlike standard. His choice of these subjects was judicious, if we consider the times in which he lived ; his management of them so masterly, that he will be admired in all times.

In the same age, *Ben. Johnson*, more proud of his learning than confident of his genius, was desirous to give a metaphysical air to his compositions. He composed many pieces of the allegorical kind, established on the *Grecian* mythology, and rendered his play-house a perfect pantheon.—*S.* disdained these quaint

quaint devices ; an admirable judge of human nature, with a capacity most extensive, and an invention most happy, he contented himself with giving dramatic manners to history, sublimity and its appropriated powers and charms to fiction ; and in both these arts he is unequalled.—The *Catiline* and *Sejanus* of *Johnson* are cold, crude, heavy pieces ; turgid where they should be great ; bombast where they should be sublime ; the sentiments extravagant ; the manners exaggerated ; and the whole undramatically conducted by long senatorial speeches, and flat plagiarisms from *Tacitus* and *Sallust*. Such of this author's pieces as he boasts to be *grounded on antiquity and solid learning, and to lay hold on removed mysteries**, have neither the majesty of *S's* serious fables, nor the pleasing sportfulness and poetical imagination of his fairy tales.—And indeed if we compare our countryman, in this respect, not only with the moderns, but the most admired writers of antiquity, we shall not find him inferior to them.”

The reader will find some attempts, on this head, in the Introduction to *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. See also the close of this admirable play—*The Tempest*.

* Prologue to the *Masque of Queens*.



XI.

The Tempest.

A C T I. S C E N E II.

Miranda's Compassion.

Mir. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer ! A brave vessel,
 Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e're,
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue (1) of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd, that there is no soul (2)
 No not so much perdition as an hair,
 Betid to any creature in the vessel,
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

An

(1) *The very virtue.*] i. e. the most efficacious part ; the energetic quality ; in a like sense we say, " the virtue of a plant is in the extract." *J.*

(2) *There is no soul.*] i. e. no soul lost. The sentence is broken and interrupted, by the zeal of the speaker, who hurries to a fuller manner of expressing the matter in hand. " Such interrupted sentences," *St.* observes justly, " are not uncommon to *S.* : he sometimes begins a sentence, and before

An usurping Substitute compared to Ivy.

That (3) now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—

Confidence betrayed.

My trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit;
A confidence fans bound. He being thus lorded
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one (4)
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a finner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke.

Infant Innocence.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Prof.

before he concludes it, entirely changes the construction, because another more forcible occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage." See *Acts*, c. xxvii. v. 22—34.

(3) *That, &c.*] See *Much ado about Nothing*, Act 3. Sc. 1.

(4) *Like one, &c.*] *W.* reads thus,

—Like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling off,
Made, &c.

The construction as it stands, is rather irregular: *lie* however appears to be the substantive to which *it* refers.

Telling of *it*, i. e. *his own lie*.

Prof. O, a cherubim
 Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd the sea (5) with drops full salt,
 Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

A Father's Tutorage.

Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
 Than other princes can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Fortunate Moments.

By my prescience (6)
 I find, my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.

Ariel's Description of his managing the Storm.

I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak, (7)
 Now

(5) *Deck'd the sea.*] i. e. cover'd: so to deck the table: the deck of a ship, &c.

(6) *By my prescience.*] This passage furnishes a prudent and necessary reflection to the mind of the reader, that man's success in life often depends upon some lucky and critical occasion, which, suffered to slip by, may never return again. S. expresses himself more fully on this subject in another place. Some other poet too presents us with a poetical image to the same purpose, where he says that opportunity is "bald behind." Mrs. G.

(7) *On the beak.*] The beak was a strong pointed body, at the head of the ancient galleys: it is used here for the fore-

Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement : sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places : on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join : *Jove's* lightning the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary,
And sight out-running were not : the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble :
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mind (8) and play'd
Some tricks of desperation ; all, but mariners
Plung'd in the foamy brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me : the king's son, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd : cry'd " hell is empty,
And all the devils are here." —

Ariel's

forecastle. The *waste* is the part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle. *J.*

(9) *A fever of the mind.*] A fever of the *mads*, the *folio* reads : and I apprehend properly : the editors in general read, *a fever of the mind* ; which appears to me rather a too common expression ; besides, the following words—*and play'd some tricks of desperation*, seem to confirm the old reading. Perhaps this fever of *the mads* was some particularly violent fever that rendered the persons absolutely delirious ; something like a *calentura*, a distemper peculiar to sailors, wherein they imagine the sea to be a green field, and will throw themselves into it, if not prevented. I have heard some propose to read,

But felt the fever of the mad.

Ariel's *Expression a little above, is very fine and picturesque.*

——To ride (9)
On the curl'd clouds.

As is the following.

Thou dost : and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep :
To run upon the sharp wind of the north :
To do me business in the veins of the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.——

Prospero's

(9) So, in the scripture, Thou caus'est me to ride upon the wind, *Job. xxx, 22.* The Lord rideth on the swift cloud, *Is. xix. 1.* Extol him that rideth upon the heavens, *Pf. xlviii, 4.* Satan, speaking of what was appointed them to do in hell, (*Milton, B. 1. 150.*) says,

Whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep.

And in the 2d Book, v. 500, *Milton* has the same expression with *S.*

To ride the air
In whirlwind.

That fine expression in the Psalmist, *He walketh upon the wings of the wind,* is a good comment on *To run upon the sharp wind* : as is the following from *Ecclesiasticus*, of bak'd with frost—chap. xliii, 20, 21. When the cold north-wind bloweth, it devoureth the mountains and burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass as fire. So *Milton, B. 2. 594.*

The parching air
Burns froze.

And *Virgil, Georg. 1. 93.*

Borææ penetrabile frigus adurat.
Or penetrable cold of *Boreas* parch.

Prospero's Threat to Ariel.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd (10) away twelve winters.

Caliban's

(10) *Thou hast howl'd, &c.*] Speaking of *Ariel's* former situation, he says that,

*He did vent his groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike.*

That the character and conduct of *Prospero* may be understood, something must be known of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion; some being confined in hell, *some* (as *Hooker*, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus *Prospero* observes of *Ariel*:

*Thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands.*

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed, or charms learned. This power was called *The black Art, or Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king *James* observes in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms, arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntary allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, (11) as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,

Drop

equally criminal, yet unlawful; and therefore *Causabon*, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command*. Thus *Prospero* repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore *Ariel* so often begs for liberty; and *Caliban* observes, that the spirits serve *Prospero* with no good will, but *bate him rootedly*.

(11) *As wicked dew, &c.*] *S.* hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of *Caliban*, in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholesome*. So Sir *John Maundevile*, in his *Travels*, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1725.—*at all tymes brennethe a vesselle of cristalle fulle of barwe for to zeven gode smalle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden away alle WYKKEDE eyres and corruptions*. [So *Spencer* says, *wicked weed*; so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues*. *Bacon* mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and *Dryden* *virtuous herbs*.] It was a tradition, it seems, that lord *Falkland*, lord *C. J. Vaughan*, and Mr. *Selden* concurred in observing, that *S.* had not only found out a new character in his *Caliban*, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, "that *S.* gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique, which it certainly has." See *W.*

"Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language, appropriated to *Caliban*, I cannot find, says *J.* they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. *Caliban* had learned to speak of *Prospero* and his daughter, he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more understanding than *S.* has thought proper to bestow upon him: his diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the

Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

* * * * *

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou camest first
Thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me: wou'd'st
give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place and fertile:
Curs'd be I, that I did so: all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you fly me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

*Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him—He
fought to violate the Honour of his Child, has
something in it very strikingly in Character.*

Oh ho, oh ho,—I wou'd it had been done,
Thou did'st prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with *Calibans*.

Prof. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou could'st not, savage,
Show thine own meaning; but wou'd'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race
Though

the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being en-
ertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily ex-
press in the same expressions."

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
nature

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse ; the red plague rid you
For learning me your language !

Musie.

Where should this music be ? in air or earth ?
It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon
Some God of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters ;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five (12) thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

Amiable

(12) *Full fathom five, &c.*] *Gildon*, who has pretended to criticise our author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business *Ariel* is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commission *Prospero* had entrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this ; to conduct *Ferdinand* to the sight of *Miranda*, and to dispose him
to

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of Ferdinand.

Prof. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wreck : and, but he's something stain'd
With

to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. *Ariel* sets about his business by acquainting *Ferdinand*, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, one would think, for a love fit. And yet as it appears, the poet has shewn in it the finest conduct for carrying on his plot. *Prospero* had said,

*I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.*

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance that the occasion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young *Ferdinand*. But to secure this point it was necessary they should be contracted before the affair came to *Alonzo*, the father's knowledge. For *Prospero* was ignorant how this storm and shipwreck, caused by him, would work upon *Alonzo's* temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for *Prospero* as the author. On the other hand, to engage *Ferdinand*, without the consent of his father, was difficult. For, not to speak of his quality, where such engagements are not made without the consent of the sovereign, *Ferdinand* is represented (to shew it a match worth seeking) of a most pious temper and disposition, which would prevent him contracting himself without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmost address, has made *Ariel* persuade him of his father's death, to remove this remora. Thus far *W. J.* adds, "The reason for which *Ariel* is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humourous and frolick controlment of nature, well expressed by the songs of *Ariel*."

With grief, that beauty's canker, thou might'st call
him

A goodly person.—

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Fer. Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend.

* * * *

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit love so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

A Lover's Speech.

My (13) spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up;
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The

(13) *My, &c.*] The following fine simile from *Virgil*,
will be a good comment on *S. Æn.* 12. v. 908.

Ac velut, &c.

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night,
We seem to run, and destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbrae'd their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die. }

Dryden.

Tasso, in his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, has finely imitated
this simile, C. 20. S. 105,

Come vede talor torbidi, &c.

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream
In their unquiet sleep, and slumber short,
And think they run some speedy course, and seem
To move their legs and feet in hasty sort;

The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but thro' my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

ACT

Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream
Of their vain thoughts, that bears them in this sport,
And oft wou'd speak, wou'd cry, wou'd call or shout,
Yet neither sound, nor voice, nor word sent out.

Fairfax.

The following part of the speech is greatly exceeded by another of the same sort in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* Act 3. which see and n. There is too in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a thought of the same kind, though rather too quaint.

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company:
For you in my respect are all the world,
Then how can it be said I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?

Act 2. Sc 3.

Sir J. Suckling, in his *Goblins*, Act 4. has a similar passage.

Witness all that can punish falsehood,
That I cou'd live with thee, even in this dark
And narrow prison, and think all happiness
Confin'd within the walls.—

We may observe the character of *Reginella*, in that play, is an imperfect copy of *Miranda* in this.

Massinger, in his *Guardian*, Act 5. Sc. 1. has an expression like S's.

These woods, *Severino*,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe (14)
 Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
 The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
 (I mean our preservation) few in millions
 Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw (15) him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside: and breasted
 The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
 To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,

As

(14) *Our hint of woe.*] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. "The cause that fills our minds with grief, is common." *J.*

(15) *I saw, &c.*] The reader is desired to compare this with a similar passage of *Julius Caesar*, Act. 1. *Jaffier's* description of his preserving *Belvidera*, is very noble.

When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
 And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.

Venice Preserv'd, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Buffeting the billows, is quite *S's* expression, and the whole passage is worthy that great master.

As stooping to relieve him ; I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too severe Reproof, animadverted upon.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,
When you should find the plaister.

Satire on Utopian Schemes of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffick
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; poverty, riches,
And use of service, none ; contracts, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
No occupation ; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent, and pure :
No sovereignty :
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of it's own kind, all foison, (16) all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not (17) omit the heavy offer of it,

It

(16) *Foison.*] Or *foizon*, signifies *plenty*, *ubertas*. *Edwards.*

(17) *Do not, &c.*] Dr. *Young*, begins his *Night Thoughts* with a parody of this.

Th'd

It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apopsepsis. (18)

They fell together, all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy *Sebastian*—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SCENE VII. *Caliban's Curfes.*

All (19) the infections that the sun sucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease: his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse ; but they'll not pinch,
Fright

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes ;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from wee,
And lights on lids unallied with a tear.

There is not a more common topic with the poets than sleep, and amongst which, perhaps, none excel *S.* see *Henry IV.* Second Part, Act 3. Sc. 1.

(18) There is not a more elegant figure than the *Apopsepsis*, when in threatening, or in the expression of any other passion, the sentence is broken, and something is left to be supplied. *S.* excels greatly in it (as indeed he does in every poetical beauty), of which, the passage before us is a striking example. There is a very excellent one in *Lear*, Act 2. Sc. 12. and the note.

(19) *All, &c.*] So king *Lear* says,

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes : infect her beauty
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride.

Act 2.

Fright me with urchin-shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
 Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid them: but
 For every trifle are they set upon me;
 Sometimes, like apes, that *moes* (20) and chatter at
 me,
 And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks at my-foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into *ma nels*.——Lo, now, lo!
 Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

A Satire on the English Curiosity.

Were I in *England* now, and had but this fish
 painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give a
 piece of silver: there would this monster make a
 man (21): any strange beast there makes a man:
 when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame
 beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indi-*
an (22).

Some

(20) *Moe.*] i. e. make mouths. So in the old version
 of the Psalms,

Making *moes* at me.

And in *King Lear*,

Of mapping and *moeing*.

All wound with adders, l. 13. means, enwrapped, twisted
 about with adders. *St.* and *J.*

(21) *Make a man.*] i. e. a man's fortune.

(22) *A dead Indian.*] Probably some allusion to a par-
 ticular occurrence, now obscured by time. In *Henry*
VIII. the *porter* asks the mob, if they think—*some strange*
Indian is come to court. *St.* Mrs. G. observes in jus-
 tification

Some of the Sailor's Remarks on Caliban.

Alas, the storm is come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

* * * * *

Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster. His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract.

* * * * *

By this good light, 'tis a very shallow monster ;— I afraid of him? (23) a very weak monster :—The man i' th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll shew thee the best springs : I'll pluck thee berries ;
 I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough ;
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wond'rous man——
 I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
 Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmozet : I'll bring thee

To

tification of her country from the sarcasm above, that " no nation on the globe is more distinguished for charity, humanity, and benevolence, than the *English* at present. And this must always have been their characteristic: for manners may refine, but cannot create virtues. Polishing may give taste, but feelings come from nature."

(23) *I afraid of him, &c.*] It is to be observed that *Trinculo* the speaker is not charged with being afraid : but it was his consciousness, that he was so, 'which drew this brag from him. This is nature. W.

To clustring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young seamels (24) from the rock.

- A C T III. S C E N E I.

There perhaps cannot be conceived any thing more beautiful and natural than the following Scene: I almost think it an Injustice to S. to take down any particular part: yet the subsequent lines are so expressive of true and unbiassed affection, I cannot omit them.

Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

There (25) be some sports are painful; and their
labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some

(24) *Seamels.*] This is the reading of the old editions, but the word is no where else to be met with. *Sea-mells*, which J. would propose, comes very near the traces of the letters: they are birds that haunt the rocks about the sea-shore, and are the same with the sea-mews. Other editors read differently; *Theobald* and *Warburton*, *Shamois*, i. e. young kids: the reading in the text seems less uncouth; but it matters little (as has been observed) so long as we take a word signifying the name of something in nature, which we use. *Holt* says, that in some places, *limpets* are called *scams*.

(25) *There, &c.*] In *Paradise Lost*, B. 4. v. 437. *Adam* says to *Eve*,

But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune those growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet,

Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up
 Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had ne'er like executor: I forget;
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour,
 Most busie-less, (26) when I do it.

And again.

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration; worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best (27).

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
 I'll carry it to the pile.

And

(26) *Most busie-less.*] i. e. "Amidst all these labours, the thoughts of her drive away all appearance of labour, and make me seem to myself most busy-less, or least employed, when I am most so!" something after the manner of the old famous *nunquam minus otiosus, quam cum otiosus*.

(27) *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of *Venus by Apelles*. J.

And afterwards, how innocent—

——— I am a fool (28)

To weep at what I am glad of!

(29) I am your wife, if you will marry me:

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

You may deny me: but I'll be your servant,

Whether you will or no.

SCENE III. *Punishment of Crimes delayed not forgotten.*

For which foul deed

The powers, delaying not forgetting, have

Incens'd

(28) *I am a fool, &c.*] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish S. from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of *Miranda*, to make her appear ignorant, that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears: and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such an expression of it, *folly*.

It is impertinent to be for ever pointing out beauties, which the reader of taste will of course distinguish for himself; and yet I cannot quit this scene without observing that it is superior in its kind to any of those that pass between *Romeo* and *Juliet*; and holds up the most captivating picture of juvenile affection that has been exhibited, even by S. himself. The prince behaves through the whole with a delicacy suitable to his birth and education: and his unexperienced mistress pours forth her soul without reserve, without descending from the soft elevation of maiden dignity, and apparently derives her confidence from the purity of her intentions. *St.*

(29) Mr. Prior has a thought to this effect, in his charming poem of *Henry* and *Emma*.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,

This happy object of our different care,

Her let me follow, her let me attend,

A servant—she may scorn the name of friend,

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace.

Guilty Conscience.

O, (30) it is monstrous! monstrous!——
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*. It did bask my trespass. (31)

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite thy spirit.

A C T

(30) O, &c.] The horrors of a guilty mind are thus nobly described by *Massinger*.

Do, do, rage on; rend open, *Æolus*,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue! Blust'ring *Boreas*,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Thro' the vast region of the air, like that
I feel within me: for I am possess'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me's
A dreadful hurricane; although this center
Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.

Unnatural Combat, Act 5. latter end.

(31) *Bask my trespass.*] “The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound.” In the next line but one *S.* alludes to a custom of the natives of *Africa*, who have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to take effect till several years after they were administered, and were then as certain in their effect, as they were subtle in their preparation. *J.* and *St.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's Boast of Miranda.

O, *Ferdinand*,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Prof. If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'n's let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration;
When I shall think or *Phæbus'* steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Passion too strong for Vows.

Prof. Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest (32) oaths are straws
To

(32) *The strongest, &c.*] So in *Hamlet*, *Polonius* says,

VOL. II.

D

I do

To the fire i' th' blood : be more abstemious,
Or else good night, your vow!

Ferdinand's Answer.

I warrant you, Sir ;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity of human Nature.

Prof. Our revels now are ended : these our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all who it inherit, shall dissolve (33) :
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack (34) behind ! We are such stuff

As

I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows, &c.

And in *All's well that ends well*, the countess observes,
Nat'ral rebellion done in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

(33) *Shall dissolve.*] "This," says *Upton*, "is exactly from scripture," 2 *Peter* iii. 11, 12. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, &c. the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." And *Isaiab* xxxiv. 4. "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved." See *Observations on Shakspear*, p. 224.

(34) *A rack.*] i. e. No track or path. See *Upton's Observations*, p. 212. "The winds," says *Lord Bacon*, "which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise."

As dreams are made of; and our little life
(35) Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd (36) their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I' th'

(35) See *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act 4.

(36) *Advanc'd, &c.*] So, a little before, we have,

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. Act 1.

Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie, of Hobgoblin caught in a Spell*, has these lines,

But once the circle got within
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin.

For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor *Hobgoblin's* heels:

Alas, his brain was dizzy.
At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, *Hobgoblin* frets,
And as again he forward sets,

And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth hit him in his pace,
Down comes poor *Hob* upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case

Among the briars and brambles.

I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Prof. — A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost ;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray (37) you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall.

Conceited Governor.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country : "Steal by line and level," is an
excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Fine Sentiment, of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo,

His

{37} *Pray, &c.*] — Thou sound and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about.

Macbeth, Act 2. Sc. 2. See the whole passage.

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Prof. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prof. And mine shall.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion (38) as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
(39) Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

(40) Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves

(38) *Passion*] is a verb in *S.* "I feel every thing with
the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same pas-
sions as they are." So in the *Gentlemen of Verona*,

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne passioning*
For *Theseus*, &c.

Again in his *Venus and Adonis*,

Dumbly she *passions*, frantically she doateth. *St.*

(39) See *Measure for Measure*, Act 2. Sc. 7. &c,

(40) *S.* is in nothing confessedly more inimitable than in
his fairies and magic, of which, this play and the *Midsum-
mer Night's Dream* are striking proofs. How inferior is
Ovid to him, when he makes *Medea*, the most celebrated
forcess, speak thus,

*Stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigoque vocoque*

D 3.

Vipereasque

*Vipereasque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces;
Vivaque saxa sua convulsaque robora terra,
Et silvas moveo, jubeoque tremescere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.*

Oft by your aid swift currents I have led
Thro' wand'ring banks back to their fountain-head :
Transform'd the prospect of the briny deep,
Made sleeping billows rave, and raving billows sleep :
Made clouds or sun-shine ; tempests rise or fall,
And stubborn lawless winds obey my call :
With mutter'd words disarm'd the viper's jaw ;
Up by the roots vast oaks and rocks I'd draw :
Make forests dance, and trembling mountains come
Like malefactors to receive their doom ;
Earth groan, and frighted ghosts forsake their tomb. }

Tate.

Viva saxa, & mugire solum, are as strong as *graves wak'd their sleepers* in our author, which every true reader of *S.* will immediately acknowledge the genuine reading ; it is indeed extremely bold, and for that reason, the more likely to be his : yet it may be justified by the usage of other poets, as *Theobald* has observed. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, speak of the power of *Fame*, as waking graves ;

Wakens the ruin'd monument, and there
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones.

And *Virgil* speaking of *Rome*, as a city, says, It surrounded its seven hills with a wall.

*Scilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.*

Great *Rome* became the mistress of the world,
And single with her walls seven hills inclos'd.

Trapp, G. 2. at the end.

But the reader will find, in *Measure for Measure*, an expression of *S's*, equally bold with this in question. See p. 137. and n. 46.

The reader is desired to turn back to the 234th page, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

And

And ye that on the sands with printless foot (41)
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demy puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
 (Weak masters tho' ye be (42)) I have bedimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The pine and cedar; graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd and let them forth
 By my so potent art.

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin

(41) *With printless foot, &c.*] So Milton in his *Masque*,

Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet.

St.

(42) *Weak masters tho' ye be.*] The meaning of this passage may be—"Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers—though you possess them but in a low degree." *Spenser* uses the same kind of expression, B. 3. Cant. 8. St. 4.

Where she [the witch] was wont her sprights to en-
 tain

The masters of her art. There was she fain
 To call them all in order to her aid. St.

Begin to chafe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason——

Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
 That now lies foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back I do fly
After sun-set (43) merrily ;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Prof. I rather think
You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

(43) *Sun-set.*] The whole of this beautiful song shews this to be the true reading; *Ariel* is speaking of the pleasures which he enjoys from his liberty, the place of his repose for the day, from the heat and fatigue of the sun,—when he rests among the bloffoms—and at the time, when *fairies* and ærial sprits are and ever have been supposed to enjoy their revels—after *sun-set* he gaily travels about on the *back of the bat*.

General Observation.

Though the *Tempest* has much of the novel in it, no one has yet been able to meet with any such novel as can be

be supposed to have furnished *S.* with materials for writing this play : the fable of which must therefore pass entirely for his own production, till the contrary can be made appear by any future discovery. One of the poet's editors, after observing that the persons of the drama are all *Italians*, and the unities all regularly observed in it (a custom likewise of the *Italians*;) concludes his note with the mention of two of their plays—*Il Negromante di L. ARIOSTO*, and *Il Negromante Palliato di Gio. Angelo PETRUCCI*; one or other of which, he seems to think, may have given rise to the *Tempest* : but he is mistaken in both of them, and the last must needs be out of the question, being later than *S.*'s time. *Capell.*

It is observed of the *Tempest*, says *J.*, that its plan is regular; and that *S.* has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin : the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. *W.* observes that the two plays the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination of *S.* which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense, or more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. *Fletcher* seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*; but when he presumes to break a lance with *S.* and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he is not so successful. After him, Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Masque at Ludlow Castle*.

The reader will find in the *Adventurer*, No. 93 and 97, an ingenious criticism on *The Tempest*. "A play," says Mrs. Montague, "which alone will prove our author to have had a fertile, a sublime, and original genius." See the *Spectator*, Vol. VI. No. 419.

Twelfth



XII.

Twelfth Night, or What you will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Music and Love.

IF music be the food of love, play on;
Give me (1) excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.

That

(1) *Give me, &c.*] i. e. " Music being the food of love, let me have excess of it, that surfeiting therewith, the appetites which called for that food, may sicken and entirely cease." The reader will do well to observe the exact and beautiful propriety of the simile in the last lines, *Milton*, as Bp. *Newton* justly observes, undoubtedly took the following fine passage from this of *S.*

Now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. *Par. Lost*, B. 4. v. 156.

Though, he tells us, *Thyer* is of opinion, that *Milton* rather alluded to the following lines of *Ariosto's* description of paradise, where speaking of the *dolce aura*, he says,

*E quella à i fiori, à i pomi, e à la verzura,
Gli odor diversi depredando giua,
E di tutti facera una misfura,
Che di suavità à l' alma notriva.*

Orl. Fur. L. 34. f. 57.

" The two first of these lines express the air's stealing of the native perfumes, and the two latter, that *vernal delight* which they give the mind. Besides, it may be further observed, that this expression of the air's stealing and dispersing

That strain again ;—it had a dying fall !
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour.—Enough ! no more—
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soever,
 But falls into abatement and low price,

Even

ing the sweets of flowers, is very common in the best *Italian* poets." It may be, *S.* took the thought from them himself ; for he was no less conversant in the works of the *Italian* poets than *Milton*. *W.* observes, that amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For as the south wind, while blowing over a violet bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetness to it. So the soft affecting music here described, though it takes away the natural, sweet, tranquility of the mind, yet at the same time it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of music, where the same strains have the power to excite pain or pleasure, as the state is in which it finds the hearer. Hence *Milton* makes the self-same strains of *Orpheus* proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, just as the mind is then disposed. If to mirth, he calls for such music,

That *Orpheus*' self may heave his head,
 From golden slumbers on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd *Euridice*.

L' Allegro.

If to melancholy,

Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek ;
 And made hell grant what love did seek.

Il Penseroso.

Even in a minute; so full of shapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical. (2)

Love, in reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart, (3)
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

(4) O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath

(2) *High fantastical*] Means no more, says *St.* than *fantastical to the height*. *W.* proposes *light*, i. e. called *fantastical*.

(3) *Into a hart.*] The duke makes this speech on being asked, *If he would go hunt the hart?* And he alludes to the story of *Acteon*, by which *S.* seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. *Acteon*, who saw *Diana* naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of *Sir Francis Bacon*, who in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. *J.*

(4) — *Hic parvæ consuetudinis*

Causâ, hujus mortem fert tam familiaritèr :

Quid si ipse amâisset? Quid mihi hic facit patri?

Ter. And. A. i. v. 83.

“ He on account of a small acquaintance only, lays her death very much to heart : what, if he had been in love with her? What will he do, when I his father am dead ?”

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are (5) all supply'd, and fill'd
 (Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king!

SCENE II. *Description of Sebastian's Escape.*

——— I (6) saw your brother,
 Most provident in, peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
 Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
 So long as I could see.

Actions of the Great always talked of.

You know
 What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Outward

(5) *Are all, &c.*] Perhaps this should be read,

——— Are all supply'd, and fill'd
 Her sweet perfections with one, &c.

i. e. "when liver, &c. those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and her sweet perfections filled with," &c. the verbs belonging to each noun being applicable to all. *S's* distinction (Mrs. G. observes) of the *three thrones*, is admirable: these are truly the seats of the three affections of love; the *heart* for passion, the *mind* for esteem, and the *liver* for jealousy: if *Horace's* anatomy is to be credited:

Difficile bile tumet Jecur.

(6) *I, &c.*] Compare this with a similar passage in the *Tempest*, Act 2. and another in *Julius Caesar*, Act 1. which will serve to shew *S's* fertility and extent of genius on the same subject.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
 And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
 I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.

SCENE III. *Care an Enemy to Life.*

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take
 the death of her brother thus ? I am sure, care's an
 enemy to life.

Sir Toby's Recommendation of Ague-Cheek.

Sir Toby. He plays o' the viol-de-gambo, (7) and
 speaks three or four different languages word for word
 without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

SCENE

(7) *He plays o' the viol-de-gambo.*] The *viol-de-gambo*
 seems in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable
 instrument. In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, it is
 mentioned with its proper derivation.

Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,
 For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument.

See *Steevens*. The reader will find much more in this humorous scene respecting *Sir Andrew* : he says of himself,

"Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has ; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit."

Sir Toby says,

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight ?

Sir Andrew. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir Toby. Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto ? My very walk should
 be

SCENE IV. *A beautiful Boy.*

Dear lad, (8) believe it ;
 For they shall yet bely thy happy years,
 That say, thou art a man ; *Diana's* lip
 Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe Is

be a jig : I would not so much as make water, but in a
 sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean ? Is it a world to hide
 virtues in ?"

(8) *Dear lad, &c.*] Alas ! what kind of grief can thy
 years know ?

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
 When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,
 Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
 And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Philaster, Act 2.

The lady, in *Comus*, speaking of her brothers, says,

Their unrazor'd lips were smooth as *Hebe's*.

When *Comus*, telling her he had seen 'em, goes on most
 beautifully,

Their port was more than human, as they stood,
 I took it for a fairy vision,
 Or some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i' th' plighted clouds.

Spenser, describing an angel, B. 2. c. 8. l. 5. speaks
 of him thus ;

Besides his head there sat a fair young man,
 Of wond'rous beauty and of freshest years,
 Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
 And flourish fair above his equal peers :
 His snowy front curled with golden hairs,
 Like *Phæbus'* face adorn'd with sunny rays,
 Divinely shone ; and two sharp winged shears
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jays,
 Were fixed at his back to cut his airy ways.

The reader, if he thinks proper, may be agreeably amused
 by comparing this with *Milton's* celebrated description of
Raphael, B. 5. v. 277.

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is (9) semblative—a woman's part.

SCENE V. *Beauty.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on.
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you would lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My lord and master loves you! O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty.

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love.

Oliv. ——— Why, what wou'd you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,

And

(9) *And all is, &c.*] In Act 3. *Olivia* says,

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

All is semblative—a woman's part, means, says J., thy proper part in a play would be a woman's.—Women were then personated by boys.

And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
 Halloo your name to the reverberate (10) hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
 Between the elements of air and earth,
 But you shou'd (11) pity me.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Disguise.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy (12) does much.

How

(10) *Reverberate.*] i. e. Causing it to be driven back again. The adjective passive used actively. *Upton.*

(11) *But you should, &c.*] In a former scene, the duke orders *Cesario*,

Good youth, address thy gait unto her :
 Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
 And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow ;
 Till thou have audience.

(12) *Pregnant enemy*] Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. *J.* who observes that the next lines are obscure. The meaning is, says he, "*How easy is disguise to women ! how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances !*" The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus,

For such as we are made, if such we be
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we.

I am not certain that this explanation is just, says *St. Viola* has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because *Olivia* had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once proper, i. e. fair in appearance, and false, i. e. *deceitful*, to make an impression on the hearts of women ? The *proper false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*. The *proper*

How easy is it, for the proper false
 In womens' waxen hearts to set their forms!
 Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
 For such as we are made, if such we be.

SCENE IV. *Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.*

Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,
 That old and antique song we heard last night:
 Methought it did relieve my passion much;

More

proper false may yet be explained another way. *S.* generally uses *proper* for *peculiar*. So in *Othello*,

In my defunct and *proper* satisfaction.

The *proper false* will then mean those who are peculiarly false, either through premeditation or art. To *set their forms*, means to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. The ingenious and learned author of *Considerations and Conjectures upon some Passages in Shakspeare*, printed at Oxford 1766, concurs in the first supposition, and adds—"Intead of transposing these lines according to Dr. *Johnson's* conjecture, I am rather inclin'd to read the latter thus,

For such, as we are made of, such we be."

So in the *Tempest*,

—We are such stuff

As dreams are made of.

Olivia in this passage speaks in the usual manner of all infatuated persons; who are apt to make the fates answerable for those follies or vices, which they have not sense or virtue enough to extricate themselves from, by their own exertions. She makes the same idle apology for herself at the close of the first act.

Fate, shew thy force, ourselves we do not owe,
 What is decreed must be—and be this so!

See Mrs. G.—*Owe* is for *own*.

More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times..

True Love..

Duke. (13) Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt
love,

In the sweet pangs of it, remember me ;
For such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

In Love, the Woman should be youngest.

Too old by heav'n ! let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him ;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, (14).
Than womens' are.

Vio.

(13) See *As you like it*, p. 55, and note.

(14) *And worn.*] I see no reason why we should not read *won*, which is a more usual and natural expression. There appears at first view, something absurd in the character of the duke, who speaks this speech, that immediately after (though here he owns, womens' passions are more strong and true than mens'), he should tell us—(speaking of his own love)

There is no woman's fides, &c. See the text.

To which, after the fine speech

She never told her love, &c.

Viola adds,

Was not this love indeed ?

We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed,
Our

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower !
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain,
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids (15) that weave their thread with
bones
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Our shews are more than will : for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

But though this may seem a contradiction and an oversight in the character, to me it rather appears a striking instance of *S's* knowledge of human nature : for however we may give advice to others in matters where the heart is nearly concerned, we soon find, when we feel ourselves, things very different to what they appeared in speculation to us.

Facile omnes cum valemus recta consilia agrotis damus.

Ter.

See *S's* fine speech on *Counsel of no Weight in Misery*—
Much ado about Nothing, Vol. I. p. 258. *Ovid* assures us,
woman's love is far stronger than man's ;

Excuse my passion, if it soar above
Your thought : no man can judge of woman's love.
Hero to Leander.

(15) *Free maids.*] i. e. vacant, unengaged, easy in mind. *Silly sooth*, means plain, simple truth. *Dallies*, means plays harmlessly. And *the old age* is the ages past, the times of simplicity. *J.* and *St.*

Song.

Come away, come away death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
 Fly away, fly away breath :
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid ;
 My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it ;
 My part (16) of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown :
 Not a friend, not a friend greet,
 My poor corps where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O ! where
 True lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

SCENE VI. *Concealed Love.*

Duke. There is no woman's fides,
 Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
 As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
 So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
 Alas, their love may be call'd appetite ;
 No motion of the liver, but the palate,
 That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much : make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me,
 And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.
 In

(16) *My part.*] i. e. Though death is a part in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all those actors no one is *so true as I*. J.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: (17) She never told her
 love;

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.

SCENE

(17) *Theobald* observes, on the fine image in the text, that it is not impossible but our author might originally have borrowed it from *Chaucer*, in his *Assembly of Fowles*.

And her besidis wonder discretlie,
 Dame *Paciencce* ysittinge there I fonde,
 With *face pale* upon an *hill of fonde*.

There cannot, perhaps, be any thing finer than this image of *S.*, nor can concealed passion be better described: however *Massinger*, in his *Unnatural Combat*, Act 2. Sc. 1. has given us a noble passage, expressing concealed resentment, which well deserves remarking;

I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,
 Yet not a syllable exchang'd between us;
 Sigh he did often, as if inward grief,
 And melancholy at that instant would
 Choke up his vital spirits: and now and then
 A tear or two, as in derision of
 The roughness of his rugged temper, would
 Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
 A sudden flash of fury did dry up.
 And laying then his hand upon his sword,
 He'd murmur: but yet so as I oft heard him,
 "We shall meet, cruel father, yes we shall,
 When I'll exact for every womanish drop
 Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict account
 Of much more from thy heart."

SCENE V. *Vanity.*

O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Affectation in Speech.

My lady is within, Sir. I will confer to them whence you are come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit. He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, (18) check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art; For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit: But wise-mens' folly fall'n, (19) quite taints their wit.

Flattery

(18) *Like the haggard.*] The *haggard* is the unreclaimed hawk, who flies after every bird without distinction. *St.*

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly,

Not like the haggard.

He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers: he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the *haggard*, to seize all that comes in his way. *J.*

(19) *Wise mens' folly-fall'n, &c.*] "The sense is," says the author of the *Revisal*, "wise mens' folly when once it is fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion."

I ex-

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was called compliment.

SCENE III. *Unfought Love.*

Cesario, (20) by the roses of the spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But

I explain it thus, says *J.* "The folly, which he shews, with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men, when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment." Sir *T. Hamner* reads *folly shewn*. Quære, might we not read,

Wise men, folly-fall'n, quite? &c.

(20) *Cesario*, &c.]. This is almost like the pretty invitation in *Virgil's* pastorals;

Huc ades, O formose puer, &c.

Come hither, beauteous boy; behold, the nymphs
To thee fresh lillies in full baskets bring:

For thee, &c.

See *Eclogue II.*

In another place she says,

—But would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

And again,

To one of your receiving
Enough is shewn: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart.

Your receiving means your ready approbation.

VOL. II.

E

But rather reason thus with reason's fetter ;
Love fought is good ; but giv'n unfought is better.

Estimation of Valour u: h Women.

Affure thyself, there is no love broker in the world
can more prevail in man's commendation with woman,
than report of valour.

Challenge.

Go, write it in a martial hand ; (21) be curst and
brief : it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent,
and full of invention : taunt (22) him with the licence
of

(21) *Write it in a martial hand.*] When Sir Andrew brings the challenge—"Here's the challenge," says he ; "read it : I warrant there's *vinegar and pepper* in't." *Martial hand* seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed—a curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. *J.*

(22) *Taunt, &c.*] There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is one of those, in which our author intended to shew his respect for Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and a detestation of the virulence of his prosecutors. The words quoted, seem to me directly levelled at the attorney general *Coke*, who, in the trial of Sir *Walter*, attacked him with all the following indecent expressions :—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper ; for I thou thee thou traytor." (Here, by the way, are the poet's three thous.) "You are an odious man.—Is he base ? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.—O damnable atheist !—Thou art a monster.—Thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart.—Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of bell.—Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident traitor that ever came at a bar," &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satirically prescribes to Sir *Andrew's* ink ? And how mean an opinion *S.* had of these petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his close of this speech ; *Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou*

of ink : if thou *thou'st* him thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lye on thy sheet of paper, although the sheet was big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down ; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose pen, no matter : about it.

SCENE IV. *Bullying, its Advantages.*

Go, Sir *Andrew*, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff : so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw ; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity

thou write it with a goose pen, no matter. A keener lash at the attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the attorney threw at the prisoner, as a supposed traitor. *Theobald.*

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
 Thou hast, (23) *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
 None can be call'd deformed, but the unkind:
 Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
 Are empty trunks, o'er flourish'd by the devil.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Money purchases the Praise of Fools.

These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report, after fourteen years (24) purchase.

SCENE II. *Disimulation in a religious Habit.*

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student;

(23) *Thou hast, &c.*] Similar to this, is a passage from a modern dramatic poem, called *Socrates*.

“ Beauty and virtue are the same,
 They differ only in the name.
 What to the soul is pure and bright
 Is beauty in a moral light;
 And what to sense does charms convey,
 Is beauty in the natural way.
 Each from one source its essence draws,
 And both conform to nature's laws.”

(24) *After fourteen years, &c.*] This seems to carry a piece of satire on the *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years. The petition being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. *Warburton*.

student; but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a graceful man (25) and a great scholar.

Satire on Time-serving Worldlings.

Hie, thou dishonest *Sathan*! I call thee by the most modest terms: for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Advantage to be gained by Foes.

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass; so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be (26) as kisses if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Ignorance

(25) *Graceful man.*] This is commonly read *careful man*. But *St.* observes, that it refers to what went before, *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student*; it is plain then that *S.* wrote as to say a *GRACEFUL man*, i. e. comely.

(26) *Conclusions to be, &c.*] *W.* would read this, *so that conclusion to be ask'd* but *J.* is for retaining the present reading, the meaning of which, says he, is, "the conclusion follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by *kissing* and embracing, coalesce into one, and make an affirmative. What the *four negatives* are I do not know. I read, *So, [that conclusions be as kisses.* One cannot but

Ignorance of ourselves :—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure pavin ; (27)
I hate a drunken rogue.

wonder, says Farmer, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In *Marloe's Lust's Dominion*, the *Queen* says to the *Moor*,

——“ Come let's kisse.”

Moor. “ Away, away.”

Queen. “ No, no, says I; and twice away, says stay.”

Sir Philip Sedley has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of *Astrophel and Stella*.

(27) *Past-measure pavin.*] This is the reading of the old copy; and probably right, being an allusion to the quick measure of the *pavin*, a dance in S's time.

A *passy measure pavin* may perhaps mean a *pavin danced out of time*. Sir Toby might call him by this title, because he was drunk *at a time when he should have been sober*, and in a condition to attend on the wounded knight. Such however is the reading of the old copy, though the *v* in *pavin* being reversed, the modern editors have been content to read,

———*And a past measure painim.*

It is a fine stroke of nature to make the drunken Sir Toby rail at drunkenness.

Occasional Observations.

One of BELLFOREST's novels is thus entitled :—
“ *Comme une fille Romaine se vestant en page servist long temps un sien amy sans estre cogneue, at depuis l' eut a mary avec autres divers discours : Histoires tragiques ;* Tom. 4. Hist. 7.” This novel, which is itself taken from one of BANDELLO's (v. Tom. 2. Nov. 36), is, to all appearance the foundation of the serious part of *Twelfth Night*, and must be so accounted; till some *English* novel appears, built (perhaps) upon that *French* one, but approaching nearer to S's comedy. Says Capell.

This

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. *Aguecheek* is drawn with much propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of *Malvolio** is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. *J.*

* See Act 2.

E 4

Two



XII.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :
 Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company,
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,
 Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)-
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness : (1)
 But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein ;
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adieu!
 Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, see'st
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
 When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
 If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

The

(1) *With shapeless idleness.*] The expression is fine, as implying, that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. *W.*

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

81

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks; with heart-fore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly (2) bought with wit;
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud:
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud:
Is eaten by the canker, e'er it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit-
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud;
Losing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit (3) with musing weak, heart-sick with
thought.

SCENE

(2) *However but a folly.*] "This love will end in a
foolish action, to produce which you are wrong to spend
your *wit*; or it will end in the loss of your *wit*, which will
be overpowered by the folly of love." *J.*

(3) *Made wit, &c.*] For *made* read *make*. "Thou *Julia*,
hast *made* me war with good counsel, and *make* wit
weak with musing." *J.*

E. 8;

SCENE II. *Love froward and dissembling.*

Maids, in modesty, say No, to that
Which they would have the proff'rer construe, Ay.
Fy, fy ; how wayward is this foolish love,
'That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod !

SCENE III. *The Advantages of Travel.*

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there ;
Some to discover islands (4) far away ;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your son, was meet :
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home ;
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world :

Experience

(4) *Some to discover islands.*] In *S's* time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of *America* were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in *England*, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the *Fortescues*, *Collitons*, *Thornbills*, *Farmers*, *Pickeringes*, *Littletons*, *Willoughbys*, *Chesters*, *Hawleys*, *Bromleys*, and others. To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. *Warburton*.

Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And (5) perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth (6)
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A comical Description of a Man in Love.

Marry, (7) by these special marks; first, you have
learn'd like *Sir Proteus*, to wreath your arms like a
malecontent; to relish a love-song like a Robin red-
breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pesti-
lence; to sigh, like a school-boy, that had lost his
A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had
buried her grand-dam; to fast, like one that takes di-
et; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak
puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. (8) You were
wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when
you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you
fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd
sadly,

(5) *And, &c.*] *Antonio* says in the next speech, that at
the *Emperor's court*,

He will practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

(6) *Resembleth.*] The reader will observe, that *S.* very
often, in this kind of poetry especially, reads the last sylla-
ble as if it were two—*resembleth*.

(7) *Marry, &c.*] See *As you like it*, Act 5. Sc. 2. and n.

(8) *Hallowmas.*] That is, about the feast of *All Saints*,
when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less
comfortable. *J.*

sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

SCENE III. *Launce (9) leading a Dog.*

Nay 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think *Crab* my dog be the sourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting.

SCENE IV. *An accomplished young Gentleman.*

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punished.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high, (10) imperious thoughts have punish'd
me

With

(9) *Launce, &c.*] The reader is referred to the remainder of the speech, and to Act 4. Sc. 4. for more of a similar nature.

(10) *Whose high.*] For *whose* I would read *those*. "I have contemned love, and am punished:—those high thoughts
by

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans ;
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes;
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
 O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord ;
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There:

by which I exalted myself above human passions or frail,
 ties, have brought upon me fasts and groans." *J. Ovid*
 says in the epistle of *Phædra* to *Hippolitus*,

Quicquid amor iussit, non est contemnere tutum :
Regnat, & in superos jus habet ille deos.

'Tis dangerous to contemn the pow'r of love,
 He rules o'er all things, and is king above.

Otway.

And the old shepherd, in *Pastor Fido*, observes,

Vuol una volta amer amor ne' cuori nostri
Mostrar quant' egli vale.

—Love will be sure before
 We die, to make us all once feel his pow'r.

Fanshawe.

In the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, the chorus sings thus to the
 honour of love ;

Ερως ανικνεν παντα, &c.

God of love, whose boundless sway
 All created things obey :
 You in the yielding fair ones eye.
 Or on her soft and damask cheek,
 Lull'd to repose securely lie ;
 Or o'er the wild waves lightly fly,
 Thy vengeance, on such as contemn thee, to wreak.
 On downy pinions through the air
 Bird-like, you cut your pathless way :
 The gods themselves you do not spare ;
 Then how should ever mortal dare
 Ev'n hope that he shall not obey ?
 All once the pleasing pain must prove,
 The fond emotions of distracting love.

There is no woe (11) to his correction :
 Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
 Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praise.

—Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world ; why, man, she is mine own ;
 And I as rich in having such a jewel,
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

Now (12) my love is thaw'd,
 Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.

SCENE

(11) *No woe to his, &c.*] “ No misery which *can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love.*” *Herbert* called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None to them, none to them.* *J.*

(12) *Now, &c.*] Almost the same simile is applied to life departing, in *King John* ;

Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, e'en as a form of wax
 Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire.

Ovid,

SCENE VI. *Unheedful Vows to be broken.*

: Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

SCENE VII. *Opposition to Love increases it.*

Jul A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly ;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as *Sir Proteus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Proteus* make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
food ?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Did'st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,

But

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, uses the same simile ;

*Sed ut intabescere flavae,
Igne levi ceræ, matutinæve pruinae, &c.*

As wax against the fire dissolves away—
Or as the morning ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun. &c.

Addison.

So *Spencer*,

Yet still he wasted as the snow congeal'd,
When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat.

B. 3. C. 4. S. 49.

which possibly he borrowed from *Tasso*, *Geru.* Lib. 6.
20. S. 136.

——As against the warmth of *Titan's* fire
Snow-drifts consume on tops of mountains tall.

See Act 3. Sc. 5.

But qualify the fire's extremest rage,

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason,

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up the more it burns :
The current (13) that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones ;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course ;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A faithful and constant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

A C T

(13) *The current, &c.*] So, in *Pastor Fido*, *Ergasto* tells *Mirtillo*, nothing augments love more than suppressing and confining it,

Mirtillo amor, &c. Act 1. Sc. 2.

Mirtillo, love's a mighty pain at best,
But more, by how much more it is suppress'd :
For as hot steeds run faster at the check,
Than if you laid the reins upon their neck ;
So love restrain'd augments, and fiercer grows
In a close prison, than when loose he goes.

Sir R. Fanshawe.

And in a fragment of *Euripides*, it is observed,

Τοιαυτ' αλυσι παθηταμενος γ' ερω.

Love rages more, the more it is suppress'd.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win (14) her with gifts, if she respect not words ;
Dumb jewels, often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Tho' ne'er so black, swear they have angels' faces :
That man who hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue, he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's Banishment.

(15) And why not death, rather than living tor-
ment ?
To die, is to be banished from myself,

And

(14) *Win, &c.*] We are told, and that very beautifully,
gifts are of no avail, and by no means regarded in true
love. *Winter's Tale*, Act 4.

(15) See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3. In the 2d Act, and
3d Scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Arcite* speaks thus ;

Banish'd the kingdom ? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for : but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment ; a death
Beyond imagination ; such vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. *Palamon*,
Thou hast the start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst the window,
And let in life unto thee : thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall :
Good gods—what happiness has *Palamon* !
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,

I know

And *Silvia* is myself ; banish'd from her,
 Is self from self ; a deadly banishment !
 What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen ?
 What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by ?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale ;
 Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon.
 She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive..

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay, (16) and she hath offer'd to the doom ;,
 (Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,)
 A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
 Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
 As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

Hope.

Hope (17) is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that ;
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Slowness.

I know she's his : he has a tongue will tame
 Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.
 Come, what can come,—
 The worst is death—I will not leave the kingdom ;
 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

(16) *Ay, ay, &c.*] This contradicts that fine passage in
Measure for Measure, Act 1.

(17) *Hope, &c.*] See page 132, and n..

Slowness in Words, Woman's Virtue.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices!
To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue; I
pray thee out with it; and place it for her chief
virtue.

SCENE II. *Love compared to a Figure on Ice.*

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched (18) in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance (19) be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity;
For *Orpheus'* lute (20) was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose

(18) *Trenched.*] i. e. cut, or carved, from the *French*
trancher to cut.

(19) *With circumstance.*] i. e. with the addition of such
incidental particulars, as may induce belief. *Y.*

(20) *For Orpheus' lute, &c.*] This shows *S's* knowledge
of antiquity. He here assigns *Orpheus* his true character
of

Whose golden touch cou'd soften steel and stones ;
 Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

Who is *Silvia* ? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she admired might be.
 Is she kind, as she is fair ?
 For beauty lives with kindness :
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.
 Then to *Silvia* let us sing,
 That *Silvia* is excelling ;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling :
 To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
 That wait for execution in the morn.

SCENE

of legislator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a law-giver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For by his *lute*, is to be understood his *system of laws* ; and by the *poet's sinews*, the power of numbers, which *Orpheus* actually employed in those laws, to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.
W. See also *Love's Labour lost*. Act 4. Sc. 2.

SCENE III. True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd ;
Upon whose grave thou (21) vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd (22) the lily tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And (23) at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part ;

Madam,

(21) *Upon whose grave thou, &c.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In *Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists ; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how Sir *Eglamour* should be dressed ; and will account for *Silvia's* having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide, without injury to her own character. *St.*

(22) *Pinch'd.*] The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch*, when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch*. *Cleopatra* says,

I that am with *Phæbus* *pinches* black. *J.* and *St.*

(23) *And, &c.*] The ingenious *Seward*, one of the editors of *Beaumont and Fletcher's* works, observes upon these

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus*' perjury and unjust flight :

Which

these lines of our author " that there is something extremely tender, innocent, and delicate in them; but his authors (*Beaumont and Fletcher*.) are far beyond this praise in their allusion to the same story. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Aspatia* forsaken by her lover (like *Julia*, in this play) finds her maid *Antiphila* working a picture of *Ariadne*: and after several fine reflections upon *Theseus*, says,

But where's the lady ?

Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Fie, you have mis'd it here, *Antiphila*;
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery,
As this sad lady's was : do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost *Aspatia*,
And you shall find all true, but the wild island.
Suppose, I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me,
Tell, that I am forsaken : do my face
(If thou had'st ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila* : strive to make me look
Like sorrow's monument : and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless : let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation : see, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

Whoever has seen either the original or print of *Guido's Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, will have the best comment on these lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughness of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafless trees, and in both she looks like *Sorrow's monument*. So that exactly, *ut pictura poesis*; and hard it is to say, whether our authors or *Guido* painted best."

Though no one, who reads this description, but must acknowledge it extremely fine, yet I admire that the gentleman who quoted it as a passage superior to that in the text, did not consider, that they in reality would bear no comparison: *S.* only hints at the story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, and that not as in picture, but as acted; these
authors

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept

authors draw the very picture, and give us all the circumstances of it, which *S.* never once aims at; wherefore the passages can never with any propriety be compared with one another, so as to fix the superiority of either: they are no more than different allusions to the same story; whose merits may both be great, but dissimilar; as *Guido's* would have been had he painted the distressed king *Lear*; and *Garriek's*, when he represents to us those distresses.

Seward reads the 7th line,

And you shall find all true—put 'm on th' wild island.

"Because," she says, "she tells her maid, *You'll find all true except the wild island*, and instantly she is upon the island." The wild island, therefore, in our imagination, is as true as the rest. But it is plain by the text, *Aspatia* wanted no part to be done over again, except that of the lady: she tells her maid, "she has failed in working *Ariadne*; that her colours were not dull and pale enough to express that sad lady's misery; which she bids her do by her mistress, who was the life of that poor picture, and in whom she would find all the distresses of *Ariadne* exactly true, and most really figured, except that part of it which concerns the wild island, where she was left by *Theseus*." *Aspatia* indeed, was not on such an island, but all her other distresses were like those of *Ariadne*. "Suppose that then," says she, "imagine me standing on the sea-beach, mine arms extended thus, and my hair blown with the wind, wild as that desert, and all let [loose] about me, tell [sufficiently and in reality declare] I am forsaken," &c. *Theobald* alters, *Tell I am forsaken*, to *Be teachers of my story: let all about me be teachers of my story*. The reader need not, I suppose, be told, how frequently, *let all about* signifies, *let loose, disbeveled*, in *S.* and many other dramatic writers. *Seward* proposes to read the last line in the text,

If I in thought feel not her very sorrow;

which, though an ingenious criticism, I cannot think quite agreeable to the text. *Julia* observes,—she acted the part so lively with her tears, that her mistress wept bitterly;
nay,

Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

ACT V. SCENE III.

Women sacred even to Banditti.

Fear not, he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman (24) lawlessly.

A Lover

may, she adds, I would I might be dead, If I *did not* really and truly (and not in dissimulation only) feel all her sorrow, and actually then suffer all her miseries. I cannot think the author would have written—*wou'd I might be dead*—had he written, If I *feel* not. I hope that gentleman, who shows so great candor and good-nature through all his criticisms, will excuse my differing from him, and expressing my sentiments so freely; a duty, which I think, his authors demand, truth will justify, and good sense approve. Let me conclude this long note with *Ariadne's* own description of herself, in her epistle to *Theseus*;

You cannot see, yet think you saw me now,
Fix'd to some rock, as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the waves which roll below. }
Look on my torn and my disorder'd hairs,
Look on my robe, wet through with show'rs of tears;
With the cold blasts see my whole body shakes,
And my numm'd hand unequal letters makes.

Ovid's Epistles.

(24) *Will not use a woman, &c.*] *Valentine* makes it one of his terms, on becoming their captain,—that they do no outrages on silly women or poor passengers. Act 4. Sc. 1. See the last passage in this play,—They say of themselves,

—Some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of lawful men.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth (25) breed a habit in a man !
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
 O, thou (26) that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
 Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was..
 Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia* ;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What (27) dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
 Wou'd I not undergo for one calm look ?

Oh,

(25) *How use doth, &c.*] See *As you like it*, Act 2.
 Sc. 1.

Now my co-mates, &c.

(26) *O thou, &c.*] *St.* observes very truly, that it is scarce possible to point out four lines in any of our author's plays, more remarkable for ease and elegance than this and the three following.

(27) *What, &c.*] *Ovid* tells us, love is ever daring, and bold to undertake any thing.

*Et nihil est quod non effreno captus amore
 Ausit.*——

What dang'rous action wou'd he not attempt,
 Whom love's wild passion rules ?

As does *Seneca* in his *Medea* :

Amor timere neminem verus potest.

True love can never fear.

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love when they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me; now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's own right
hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
(28) Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

Oh heav'n! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now by the honour (29) of my ancestry,

I do

(28) See *Measure for Measure*, Act 2. Sc. 7.

(29) Now by the honour, &c.] What strikes me particularly,

I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
 Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe.—Sir *Valentine*,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy *Sylvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men,
 Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

cularly, says Mrs. G., in this speech, is the gallant duke's
 asseveration, in that truly noble expression,

Now, *by the honour of my ancestry.*

It was this generous, spirited idea that continued down the
 race of heroes among us, *while they did exist*; and were the
 profession of heraldry never to be considered in any other
 light, than as a record of mens' worth, *not titles*, it would
 then both become a political and liberal science. Honours,
 as *Selden* says, should be *native* only, and not *dative*: de-
 rived from *merits*, not from *gifts*. Our author, in the *Win-*
ter's Tale, has a passage to this purpose:

As you are certain gentlemen; thereto
 Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
 Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you, &c.

General Observation.

Julia's love-adventures being in some respects the same
 with those of *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, the same novel might
 give rise to them both; and *Valentine's* falling amongst
 out-laws, and becoming their captain, is an incident that
 has some resemblance to one in the *Arcadia* (book 1,
 chap. 6.) where *Pyrocles* heads the *Helots*: all the other

circumstances which constitute the fable of this play, are, probably, of the poet's own invention. *Capell.*

Mrs. *Lenox* thinks, that the story of *Protheus* and *Julia* might have been taken from a similar one in the *Diana of George of Montemayor*. "By the internal marks of a composition, says *J.* we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of *S.* It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life, but it abounds in *grace* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription." He observes further, "In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just."

"That it is rightly attributed to *S.* I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that *S.* might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest."

The



XIV.

The Winter's Tale.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Friendship between Kings.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*. They were trained together in their childhood, and there rooted betwixt them such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heavens continue their loves!—

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it.

Delay of Death always wished.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, (1) makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch.

(1) *Physicks the subject.*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of alluaging the sense of misery. 7.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II. *Youthful Friendship and Innocence.*

We were, (2) fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy-eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er had been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heav'n
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition (3) clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-
less
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

(2): *We were, &c.*] See *Midsummer Night's Dream*,
1p. 225.

(3) *The imposition, &c.*] By the imposition *hereditary*
ours, the author means original sin, derived to us from our
first parents, and by their offence entail'd on us: which
cleared or *set aside*, they had no other crime (so innocent
were their lives) to answer for; but would have appeared
perfectly guiltless in the eye of heaven.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly !
Its tenderneſs ; and make itſelf a paſſtime
To harder boſoms.

A Father's Fondneſs for his Child.

Leon. Are you ſo fond of your young prince as we
Do ſeem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, Sir,

He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter :
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all :
He makes a *July's* day ſhort as *December* ;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thicken my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if indutritiouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end : if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof (4) the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt : theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of.

Jealouſy

(4) *Whereof, &c.*] i. e. "where the *execution*, the doing
the thing, ſtood in balance againſt the *not doing* it. Where,
conſidering its *performance*, I hesitated whether it would not
be better omitted."

Jealousy.

Is whispering (5) nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing (6) clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
 That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing; *Bohemia* nothing;
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

King-killing detestable.

———To (7) do this deed
 Promotion follows. If I could find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
 And

(5) *Is whispering, &c.*] The reader is desired to compare the other passages in this scene on the same topic. *Meeting*, in the next line, *Thirlby* would read *meting*, i. e. measuring.

(6) *Wishing, &c.*] *Theobald* and *Warburton* both print this passage,

Wishing clocks more swift,
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
 Blind, &c.

I think there need nothing be said of the propriety of that in the text, which is from the folio. *S.* excels prodigiously on the subject of jealousy, whenever he touches upon it; it may be an agreeable amusement to the reader to compare him on this topic, and to find, how every where different, yet excellent he is.

(7) *To, &c.*] We find this sentiment in several other parts of our author's writings, as well as in those of his cotemporaries. See *Hamlet*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear it.

The Effects of Jealousy.

This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare
Must it be great; and; as his person's mighty
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonoured by a man, which ever
Professed to him; why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye; make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, (8) his sides
With violent hefts.

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The

(8) *Gorge.*] i. e. Throat; from the *French*. *Hefts*, is the same as *beavings*. The reader will find a passage similar to this in *Othello*, where that unhappy, deluded man, laments his knowledge of his wife's stolen hours of lust; and observes,

He had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So he had nothing known, &c.

F 5

The shrug, the hum, or ha ! these petty brands,
 That calumny doth use.—O, I am out,
 That mercy does; for calumny will fear
 Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and haes,
 When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say, she's honest.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do, not weep, good fools;
 There is no cause: when you shall know your mis-
 trés
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out: this action, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace.

SCENE II. *Honesty and Honour.*

Here's a do,
 To lock up honesty and honour from
 The access of gentle visitors!

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

SCENE III. *Affectionate Child.*

To see his nobleness!
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And downright languish'd.

Child

Child resembling its Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the valley
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

An Infant to be exposed.

Come on, poor babe!
Some powerful spirits instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! wolves and bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste; as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators: for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince;—here standing,

To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it (9)
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, (10) to appear thus: if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour, or in act, or will,
 That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my nearest kin
 Cry, fie, upon my grave!

*A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Contempt of
 Death.*

Leo. Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
 The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity:
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
 Star'd most unluckily, (11) is from my breast,

The

(9) *Life, I prize it, &c.*] *Life* is to me only grief, and
 as such is considered by me; I would therefore willingly
spare, that is, let it go, or quit the possession of it. *J.*

(10) *Have strain'd.*] *Mrs. Ford* talks of some *strain*,
 in her character; and in *B. and Fletcher's Customs of the
 Country*, the same expression occurs.

Strain your loves
 With any base or hir'd persuasions.

St.

(11) *Star'd most unluckily.*] *i. e.* born under an inau-
 spicious planet. *St.*

The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Hal'd out to murder. Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet, with unmodest hatred.
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion ; lastly, hurry'd
 Here to this place, i' the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit⁽¹²⁾. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ! Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—no life ;
 I prize it not a straw : but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant !
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore, betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
 In storm perpetual, cou'd not move the Gods
 To look that way thou wert.

SCENE III. *An Account of a Ghosts appearing in
 a Dream.*

(13) I've heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the
 dead

May

(12) *Strength of limit.* I know not well, how *strength of limit* can mean "strength to pass the limits of the child-bed chamber," which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *Strength of limb*. J.

(13) See *Pastor Fido*, Act 1. Sc. 4. In the third Book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, there is an elegant description of *Pompey's*

May walk again : if such things be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd and so becoming; in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach.

My

Pompey's first wife appearing to him in a dream : her name
 was *Julia*, *Cæsar's* daughter, after whose death, he mar-
 ried the celebrated *Cornelia*.

At length the weary chieftain sunk to rest,
 And creeping slumbers sooth'd his anxious breast.
 When, lo! in that short moment of repose,
 His *Julia's* shade, a dreadful vision, rose.
 Thro' gaping earth her ghastly head she rear'd,
 And by the light of livid flames appear'd:
 These civil wars, she cry'd, my peace infest,
 And drive me from the mansions of the blest:
 Elysium's happy fields no more I know;
 Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian shades below:
 When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head!
 But thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed;
 Death is the dow'r *Cornelia's* love affords,
 Ruin still waits upon her potent lord's.
 But let her partner of thy warfare go,
 Let her by land and sea, thy labours know;
 In all thy broken sleeps I will be near,
 In all thy dreams sad *Julia* shall appear:
 Your loves shall find no moment for delight;
 The day shall all be *Cæsar's*, mine the night.
 Not the dull stream where long oblivions roll
 Cou'd blot thee out, my husband, from my soul:
 The pow'rs beneath my constancy approve,
 And bid me follow, wheresoe'er you rove:
 Amidst the joining battles will I stand;
 And still remind thee of thy plighted hand;
 Nor think those sacred ties no more remain,
 The sword of war divides the knot in vain,
 That very war shall make thee mine again,
 The phantom spoke, and gliding from the place,
 Deluded her astonish'd lord's embrace.

Rous.

My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
 And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
 Became two spouts ; the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her. " Good *Antigonus*,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe ; according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in *Bohemia* ;
 There weep, and leave it crying : and, (for (14) the
 babe
 Is counted lost for ever) *Perdita*,
 I prythee, call it ; for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
 Thy wife *Paulina* more."——And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber : dreams are toys :
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

——Poor wretch,
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoined to this. Farewell !
 The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough. I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day !

Wildness

(14) *For, &c.*] I believe, I have before observed, that
S. uses this particle frequently in the sense of *because* : the
 expression of *melting into air* is extremely fine, and used
 by our author in the *Tempest*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

Wildness of Youth between Thirteen and Twenty-three.

Shep. I would, there were no age between thirteen and three and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the "between" but getting wenches with child, wronging the aun-cientry, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! Would any but these boil'd brains, of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which I fear wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy.

Description of a Wreck, by a Clown.

I would (15) you did but see, how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore: but that's not to the point: oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see them, and not to see them: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the land-service:—to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman:—but to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but first how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them:

(15) *I wou'd, &c.*] *S.* seems to have had that fine description of a storm at sea in his eye, which we find in the cviith Psalm. ver. 25: "For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress. For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still," &c.

them : and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Sheep-shearing Feast.

Clown. Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? Three pound sugar ; [*reading out of a note*] five pound of currans ; rice—What will this sifter of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nogs for the shearers : three-man (16) song-men all, and very good ones ; but they are most of them means, and bases : but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies ; mace ; dates,—none, that's out of my note ; nutmegs seven ; a rase, or two of ginger—but that I may beg ; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Virtue stays not at Court.

Aut. I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say : there's no virtue whipt out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

SCENE

(16) *Three-man, &c.*] i. e. Singers of catches in three parts : a *six-man-song* occurs in the *Turnament of Tottenham*. See *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol 2. p. 24. *Warden-pies*, mentioned soon after, are pies made of warden pears.

SCENE III. *Deities transformed for Love.*

The Gods themselves,
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them : *Jupiter*
 Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green *Neptune*
 A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now : their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
 Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day, she was both pãntler, butler, cook ;
 Both dame, and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd all ;
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn ; now here,
 At upper end o' the table ; now i' the middle ;
 On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
 With labour ; and the thing she took to quench it,
 She would to each one sip : you are retir'd,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
 These unknown friends to us, welcome ; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your plumes ; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Par. Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's *Yosemary* and *rue* ; these keep
 Seeming and favour all the winter long :

Grace

Grace and remembrance (17) be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdes,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

A Garland

(17) *Grace and remembrance.*] *Rue* was called *Herb of Grace*; *Rosemary* was the emblem of remembrance: it was usually carried at funerals: and anciently supposed to strengthen the memory; for which purpose it is prescribed in some old books of physic. *J.* and *St.*

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

Per. ——— I'll not put
 The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them ;
 No more than, were I painted, I wou'd wish
 This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only there-
 fore

Desire to breed by me——

There 's flowers for you ;
 Hot lavender, mint, savoury, marjoram,
 The marygold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
 And with him rises, weeping ; these are flowers
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
 To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
 Wou'd blow you through and through ; now my fair-
 est friend,

I wou'd I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
 Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing : O, *Proserpina*, (18)

For

(18) O, *Proserpina*, &c.] *Milton* srews the hearfe of his
Lycidas with beautiful vernal flowers, not unlike those the
 pretty *Perdita* wishes for the garland of her lover.

——— Purple all the ground with vernal flower :
 Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansie streakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flow'r that sad embroid'ry wears ;

Bid

For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! (19) early daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes, (20)
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, e'er they can behold
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength; (a malady
Most incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if; not to be bury'd,
But quick, and in mine arms.

A Lover's

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where *Lycid* lies.

The reader will find a passage, worth comparing with this
of *S.* in *As you like it*, p. 27, the note.

See also *Ophelia's* distribution of flowers in *Hamlet*.

(19) *From Dis's waggon.*] So *Ovid*,

—Ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis. *St.*

(20) *Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.*] I suspect
that our author mistakes *Juno* for *Pallas*, who was the
goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye lid, is an odd
image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for
delightful. *J.*

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of
extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an
account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his
new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*.

The eyes of *Juno* were as remarkable as those of *Pallas*.

Βούτις ποτνια ἤν. *Homer. St.*

A Lover's Commendation.

What (21) you do,
 Still betters what is done; when you speak, (sweet)
 I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so, give alms;
 Pray, so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function: each your doing, (22)
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

Honest

(21) *What, &c.*] So, a little further, one of the company says,

This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green sod: nothing she does or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

And when it is said afterwards, *She dances featly*—the old shepherd adds, *So she does any thing.*

Ovid, that great master of love, well assured of the truth of this, that every thing done by the person we love is agreeable, thus makes his *Sappho* complain, in her epistle to *Phaon*.

My music then you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear;
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song:
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best,
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest:
 Then with each glance, each word, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd. *Pope.*

(22) *Each your doing, &c.*] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. *J.*

Honest Wooing.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, (23) as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray:—
Your hands, my *Pardiss*: for turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True Love.

They call him, *Doricles*: he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: (24) but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kifs to chuse,
Who loves another best.

Clown's

(23) *As little skill to fear.*] *To have skill* to do a thing, was a phrase then in use equivalent to *have reason to do* a thing. *W.* These passages are in the true character of youth in the different sexes: sincerity on one side and confidence on the other. Deceit and diffidence are the fruits of riper or more rotten years. *Mrs. G.*

(24) *Worthy feeding.*] *W.* proposes *breeding*. But *J.* conceives *feeding* to be a pasture, and a *worthy feeding* to be "a tract of pasturage, not inconsiderable, not unworthy my daughter's fortune."

Clown's Love of Ballads.

Cl. He could never come better : he shall come in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down ; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. ——— How now, fair shepherd ?
Your heart is full of something that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth ! when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks : I would have ranfack'd
The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance : you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your last
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are ;
'The gifts she looks from me are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometimes lov'd : I take thy hand : (25) this hand
As soft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender

(25) *Thy hand, &c.*] So, *Trilus* speaking of the hand of *Cressida*, says ;

——— O that, her hand,
In whose comparifon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harfh.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
 Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-
 ledge
 More than was ever man's ; I would not prize them
 Without her love : for her employ them all ;
 Command them and condemn them to her service, .
 Or to their own perdition.

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

(26) Methinks, a father
 Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest,
 That best becomes the table : pray you, once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs ? Is he not stupid
 With age and alt'ring rheums ? Can he speak, hear,
 Know man from man, dispute his own estate ;
 Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing,
 But what he did, being childish ?

Flo. No : he has health, and ampler strength in-
 deed,
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial : reason, my son,
 Shou'd choose himself a wife : but as good reason,
 The father (all whose joy is nothing else,
 But fair posterity) shou'd hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afraid : (27) for once or twice

I was

(26) See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. I. p. 205.

(27) *I was not much afraid.*] The character is here

VOL. II.

G

finely

Selfish old Man.

Prosperity

(28) *For, &c.*] This is plainly taken from St. *Matthew*, v. ver. 45. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and unjust." And *Horace*, speaking of death, has the same thought;

Of lofty palaces and royal seats.

Ode 4. b. r.

(30) *You have undone a man of fourscore three.*] These sentiments, which the poet has heightened by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of *Perdita*, and here supported by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. *W.*

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Looser of Love.

Prosperity's (31) the very bond of love.
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Lying fit only for Tradesmen.

Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie : but we pay them for 't with stamp coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not (32) give us the lie.

A Courtier.

She. Are you a courtier, an't like you, Sir ;

Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings ; hath not my gait in it the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court odour from me ? reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt ?

Self-

(31) *Prosperity's, &c.] Perdita, in the following speech, denies this ;*

One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

And *Ovid* says,

*Nam cum præstiteris verum mihi semper amorem,
Hic tamen adverso tempore crevit amor.*

True love to me indeed you ever bore,
But in adversity still lov'd me more.

(32) *Therefore they do not, &c.] i. e. They are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they sell it us. J.*

G 2

Self-conceit.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are ;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown's Idea of a Great Man.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Sbe. His garments are rich, but he wears them
not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble, in being
fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant: I know by
the picking (33) on's teeth.

He seems to be of great authority; close with him,
give him gold, and though authority be a stubborn
bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold; shew
him the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand,
and no more ado.

If he think fit to shew them again, and that the
complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing,
let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious;
for I am proof against that title, and what shame else
belongs to't.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Self-reproach, and too severe Reproof.

Cle. At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evils;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo.

(33) *By the picking, &c.]* It seems, that to pick the
teeth, was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to
greatness or elegance. So the Bastard in *King John*, speak-
ing of the traveller, says,

He and his *tooth-pick* at my worship's mess. *J.*

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world;
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady: ~~it is not~~
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full
eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,——

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

——This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
 He dies to me again, when talk'd of ; sure
 When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
 Will bring me to consider that, which may
 Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Beauty.

The blessed gods
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 Do climate here. (34)

SCENE II. Wonder, proceeding from sudden Joy.

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture : they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd : a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them ; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Transport of Joy and Wonder.

Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them ; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands : with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries " O, thy mother, thy mother !" then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness ; then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries he his daughter,

(34) See *Twelfth Night*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd; which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter; which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Ill Character renders real Desert useless.

Now had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son to the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel; and I know not what; but he at that time over fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing), this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd, among my discredits.

Clown's new Gentility.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

She. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

She. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck; being in so preposterous a state as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

She. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend my life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

She. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman! Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

She. How, if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in behalf of his friend.

SCENE VII. *A Statue.*

What was he, that did make it! See, my lord,
Wou'd you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

The fixture (35) of her eyes has motion in't,

As we were mock'd with art.

———Still methinks

There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath?——Let no man mock me;
For I will kiss her.

Affliction

(35) *The fixture, &c.*] The meaning is, though the eye be fixed (as the eye of a statue always is), yet it seems to have motion in it, that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavours to fix it. *Edwards.* There is an additional beauty in the expression, from the *seeming statue* being really a living person: *Ovid* has some lines on the statue made by *Pygmalion*, which, though rather too *Ovidian*, have very great beauty in them;

Interea niveum mira feliciter arte, &c. Metam. lib. 10.

He

Affliction to a penitent Mind, pleasing.

Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus stir'd you ;
but I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina* ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle, (36)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My

He carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature cou'd not with his art compare,
Were she to work :——
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores ; and last the thing ador'd desires :
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living maid had been ;
One wou'd have thought she could have stirr'd, but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit :
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft, &c,
See *Dryden's* Translation.

Virgil has a fine expression to denote the excellency of sculpture ;

*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem—vivos ducent de marmore vultus.*

Æn. 6.

The word *spirantia* expresses the very breathing.

(36) *I, an old turtle.*] *Spenser*, in his sweet sonnets, has a simile a good deal like this, and which, in my opinion, is not inferior to it ;

Like as the culver on the *bared* bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate :
And in her song sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late :

My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And wand'ring here and there all desolate,
Seek, with my plaints, to match that mournful dove.

General Observation.

To the Story-book, or, "*Pleasant History* (as it is called) of *Dorastus and Fawnia*," written by *Robert Greene*, M. A. we are indebted for *S's Winter's Tale*. *Greene* joined with *Dr. Lodge* in writing a play, called "*A Looking Glass for London and England*," printed in 1598, in quarto, and black letter; and many of his other works, which are very numerous, were published about that time, and this amongst the rest. It went through many impressions, all of the same form and letter as the play; and that so low down as the year 1664, of which year I have a copy, says *Capell*.

This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable country tale,

Our sweetest *Shakespear*, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of a great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarcely inferior to any in the whole collection. *W. J.* allows this play to be very entertaining; and the character of *Autolycus* very naturally conceived, and strongly represented.

TRA-

TRAGEDIES.



I.

Antony and Cleopatra.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Antony's Softness.

HIS captain's heart
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles in his breast, reneges (1) all temper
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust !

Love, the Nobleness of Life.

Let (2) *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall ; here is my space,
Kingdoms

(1) *Reneges.*] i. e. Renounces. *Pope*. *J.* observes, that in the two last lines, something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written *bellows and the fan*, to kindle and to cool a gipsy's lust. *Gipsy* is here used both in the original meaning of an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense, for a bad woman.

(2) *Let, &c.*] It is remarked by *Plutarch*, of *Antony*, that his language and manner of speaking were, like his temper, turgid and ambitious ; and that he affected the *Asiatic* manner : *S.*, we find, not only from the style of the present, but many other of *Antony's* speeches, was no stranger to this particular, which is an additional proof of his learning : as well as his inimitable excellence in keeping up the historical truth of his characters.

Kingdoms are clay ; our duncy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man ; the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
 And such a twain can do't ; in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

Lovers' Praise.

Fie, (3) wrangling queen !
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !

SCENE .II. *Great Minds respect Truth.*

Mej. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward On :
 Things, that are past, are done, with me : 'tis thus ;
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lye death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.
 Speak to me home ; mince not the general tongue ;
 Name *Cleopatra* as she's called in *Rome* :
 Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase ; and taunt my faults
 With such full licence, as both truth and malice
 Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
 When our quick winds lie still ; (4) and our ills told us,
 Is as our earing.

Things lost valued.

Forbear me.

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it ;
What

(3) *Fie, &c.*] See *Winter's Tale*, where *Florizel* speaks of *Perdita* nearly the same thing, but with greater elegance.

(4) *Quick winds lie still.*] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. J. 4

What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure, (5)
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone,
The hand could pluck (6) her back, that shov'd her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For (7) the main soldier.

SCENE III. Cleopatra's contemptuous Railery.

Now, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then

(5) *The present pleasure, &c.*] The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course : which, rising in the east, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. *W.*

(6) *The hand could pluck.*] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place. It does not denote *power*, but *inclination*. The sense is, *The hand which drove her off, wou'd now willingly pluck her back again.* *Revisal.*

(7) *For, &c.*] This topic is finely touched again in the fourth scene : where *Cæsar* says,

—I should have known no less :
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Then was the time for words : no going then :
 Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
 Bliss on our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven : (8) they are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest lyar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tendernefs.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it,—
 That you know well : something it is I would :—
 O, my oblivion (9) is a very *Antony*,
 And I am all-forgotten !

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on parting.

Your honour calls you hence ;
 Therefore be deaf to my un pity'd folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
 Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet.

SCENE IV. *Antony's Vices and Virtues.*

Lep. I must (10) not think
 They've evils enough to darken all his goodness ;
 His

(8) *A race of heaven.*] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. The *race* of the wine is the taste of the soil. *W.* and *J.*

(9) *My oblivion, &c.*] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself.* But she expresses it, by calling *forgetfulness* *Antony*, because forgetfulness had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. *W.* There is great beauty and force in the expression.

(10) *I must, &c.*] The judicious reader will be much pleased to find the vices and virtues of *Antony* so justly set forth,

His faults in him seem, as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; (11) what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is
not

Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes
him;

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. (12) If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who being mature (13) in know-
ledge,

Pawn

forth, so agreeable to all the accounts we have of his character in history: doubtless no small knowledge in antiquity was necessary for so exact a conformity to the characters of the ancients. It is surprising, that the *Oxford* editor should read the third line in the text,

As the spots of *ermine*,
Or fires by night's blackness;

when the image is so apt and beautiful as it now stands, and almost incapable of being misunderstood.

(11) *Purchas'd.*] i. e. Procured by his own fault or endeavour. *J.*

(12) *Weight in his lightness.*] i. e. His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. *J.*

(13) *Being mature.*] The *Oxford* editor reads, who *im-mature* in knowledge, to which *W.* agrees, and admits the alteration.

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Wer't beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa*, consuls; at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge,
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

SCENE V. *Cleopatra on the Absence of Antony.*

Oh, (14) *Charmian*!

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he? or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy

alteration. I cannot be satisfied with the criticism, but apprehend there is much more propriety in the words as they now stand, than as the *Oxford* editor would read them. For, if the boys were immature in *knowledge* [or, had not any knowledge] they could not pawn their *experience* to their present pleasure, nor rebel to *judgment*; whereas, if they were *mature in knowledge*, all that follows is just. By *boys mature in knowledge* says *J*, are meant *boys old enough to know their duty*.

(14) *Oh, &c.*] Nothing can be more natural than this solicitude of *Cleopatra*, so peculiar to lovers: in *Philaster*, Act 3. the lady says,

I marvel

O happy horse to bear the weight of *Antony* !
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou, whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet (15) of man. He's speaking now,
Or

I marvel my boy comes not back again ;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd :
How I remember'd him, when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how ; when I sigh'd, wept, fung,
And ten thousand such : I should be angry at his stay.

(15) *Burgonet.*] i. e. A steel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. The ingenious Mr. *Seward* remarks, on the next lines,—“ That the editors who distinguish *Antony's* speech either by *italics* or commas, make him only say, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?* The rest is *Cleopatra's* own. But sure it is a strange compliment only to call her a *serpent of Nile*. And why then does she mention it as a wonder, that he should say such rapturous things of her in her decline of life? No; *Antony's* speech should be continued, as the metaphor is,

Where's my serpent of old *Nile*?

——Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.

Both parts belong to him, and then she goes on; “ Think,” says she, “ that he utters such raptures as these of me, though wrinkled deep in time.” But, in my opinion, she seems not to imagine any such raptures : all she dwells upon is, her *Antony's* thinking and speaking of her, by that fond expression ; which, however uncouth a compliment it may appear to us, we are to suppose, was a common one between them, and used by *Antony* in the midst of their freedom and rapture : “ He's speaking now,” says she, “ of me, or murmuring out his usual fond appellation of me, wishing to know, where his serpent of old *Nile* is—(for so [apologizing for the oddness of it] my *Antony* calls me :)” recollecting herself, she goes on : “ Now, indeed, I do feed myself with most delicious poison : think of me, that am thus swarthy and thus wrinkled, to be so kindly remembered by this arm and burgonet of man.”. *Seward* has made

Or murmuring, "where's my serpent of old Nile?"
 (For so he calls me;) now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison; think on me
 That am with *Phæbus'* amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Bald-fronted *Cæsar*,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

Messengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou *Mark Antony*!
 Yet coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee. (16)

Antony's

made an alteration in a following line, which I have admitted into the text: it is commonly read,

Broad-fronted *Cæsar*——

"Is there," says he, "the least ground from medals, statues, or history, for such a description of him? No; but the very reverse. Look on his medals, and particularly the fine bronze at Dr. *Mead's*, and you'll find that he has a remarkably *sharp forehead*. But there is a peculiarity in *Cæsar's* forehead, mentioned by all his historians, and confirmed by medals and statues. He was *bald*, and boasted that he would cover his temples with laurels instead of hair; and for that purpose, after he was dictator, constantly wore his laurel crown. I read, therefore,

Bald-fronted *Cæsar*.

It is perfectly in character for *Cleopatra* to mention a blemish in *Cæsar*; for she a little below shews a contempt for his memory, in comparison of her *Antony*." *W.* See *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* works, preface, p. 66.

(16) *With his tinct gilded thee.*] Alluding to the philosophers stone, which by its touch converts base metal into gold: the alchymists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. *J.*

Antony's Love and Disposition.

Alc. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* sends
This treasure of an oister : at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms : all the east
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt (17) steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cle. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alc. Like to the time o' the year, between the
extremes
Of hot and cold ; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cle. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good *Gabrian*, 'tis the man ; but note
him,

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle !—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom.

(17) *Arm-gaunt.*] i. e. says *W.* a steed worn lean and
thin by much service in war. *Hammer* reads *arm-girt*
steed.

Pom. Whilst we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays, (18)

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, (19) ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom-

(18) *Decays.*] i. e. while we are praying, *the thing for which we pray*, is losing its value. *J. W.* reads *delays, the thing we sue for.*

(19) *We, &c.*] *Theobald* has well observed, that if this be not an imitation of the following incomparable lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe so much of the same spirit and energy, as if the soul of the *Roman* satyrist had been transfus'd into our poet. In the beginning of the satyr [the 10th] the poet observes ;

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue !
How void of reason are our hopes and fears !
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we've got our wish, we wish undone !
Whole houses of their whole desires possess,
Are often ruin'd at their own request.
In wars and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd ;
Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd, &c.

And towards the end, he advises thus :

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above,
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want :
In goodness as in greatness they excel ;
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well !
We blindly, by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action and desire to wed ;
Then wish for heirs : but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives are known,
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

Pompey's Wish for Antony's Captivity in Pleasure.

Pomp. I know they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony* : but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip ; (20)
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; *Epicurean* cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a *Lethe'd* dulness.

Antony's Soldiership.

Pomp. *Menas*, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm,
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er last-weary'd *Antony*.

SCENE II. *Antony's ingenuus Acknowledgment.*

Ant. The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them ;

The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work, without it : Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here ;

For

(20) *Wan lip.*] This is evidently a term of contempt
in the speaker, as he calls her *salt Cleopatra*. It may be
remarked, however, that the lips of *Africans* and *Asiatics*
are paler than those of *European* nations. See *St.*

For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge (21) she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them : th' oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The

(21) *The barge, &c.*] As *Dryden* plainly entered the lists with *S.* in describing this magnificent appearance of *Cleopatra*, it is but just the descriptions should appear together, that the reader may decide the victory. Partiality, perhaps, may incline me to think *S.*'s much the greatest ; though I am pleased with hearing it from *Antony*'s own mouth, in *Dryden*'s play.

Her galley down the silver *Cydnus* row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,
Her nymphs like *Nereids* round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born *Venus* lay.
She lay, and lent her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she cou'd take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face ; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That mens desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time ; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought : 'twas heav'n (or somewhat
more)

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome Voice.

The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
(22) O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Ag. O rare for *Antony*.

Ens. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their-bends adorings (23). At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'th' market place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's

(22) *O'er-picturing, &c.*] "The poet," says Mr. Theobald, "seems here to be alluding to that fine picture of *Venus*, done by *Apelles*; the beauty and limbs of which, it is said, he copied from *Campaspe*, his beloved mistress, whom he received at the hands of *Alexander the Great*. This celebrated piece of his was called *Αποδυμένη εν θάλασσᾳ* *Venus rising out of the sea*: to which, *Ovid* has paid so fine a compliment in his 3d book on the *Art of Love*.

*Si Venerem Cous nunquam posuisset Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.*

If fam'd *Apelles* had not painted thee,
Venus, thou ne'er hadst risen from the sea.

The reader, for a larger account of this matter, may consult *Pliny's Natural history*, L. 35. c. 10.

(23) Adorings. *Warb. vulg.* Adorning.
VOL. II. H

Cleopatra's infinite power in pleasing.

(24) Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.

SCENE V. *The unsettled Humour of Lovers.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. (25) Give me some music : music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

Omnes.

(24) *Age, &c.*] So, in *Dryden's* play, *Antony* speaks to *Cleopatra*
 of her uncloying charms ;

How I lov'd,
 Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
 That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
 As all your business were to count my passion :
 One day pass'd by, and nothing saw but love ;
 Another came, and still 'twas only love :
 The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
 And I untir'd with loving.
 I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day ;
 And ev'ry day was still but as the first ;
 So eager was I still to see you more.

Act. 3.

(25) *Give me, &c.*] Nothing can be more natural than this
 uneasy fluctuation of mind so peculiar to people deprived of the
 object which alone can please them, and without whom nothing
 can please. I know not of a more beautiful instance than in the
 first act of that fine play of *Euripides*; *Hippolitus*, towards the lat-
 ter end of the act, which *Mr. Smith* has well copied (I might
 rather have said, translated) in his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, an ex-
 cellent play, tho' greatly inferior in many material circum-
 stances, and particularly the character of *Phædra*, to the *Greek*.
 In our *English* play, *Phædra*, on her entrance, begins ;

Stay, virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary steps :
 My strength forsakes me, &c.

Why

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there
My music playing, far off I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, ah, ha! you're caught.

Char.

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head?

Why all this labour'd elegance of drefs?

Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?

Take, snatch them hence, &c.

Oh, my *Lycon*,

Oh, how I long to lay my weary head

On tender flow'ry beds and springing grafs!

To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades

Of venerable oaks! to slake my thirst

With the cool nectar of refreshing springs!

Lycon. I'll sooth her phrenzy; come, *Phædra*, let's away,

Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid streams.

Phæd. Come, let's away, and thou most bright *Diana*,

Goddeß of woods, immortal, chaste *Diana*,

Goddeß presiding o'er the rapid race,

Place me, oh, place me in the dusty ring,

Where youthful charioteers contend for glory:

See how they mount and shake the flowing reins!

See, from the goal the fiery courßers bound!

Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,

Now sweep along its top, now neigh along its vale;

How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels

Smoke in the whirl! The circling sand ascends,

And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.

H 2

Char. 'Twas merry ; when
You wager'd on your angling, when your Diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—— Oh, times !——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience ; and next morn,
E'er the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed :
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword (26) *Philippa*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

(27) *Oh Silius, Silius,*
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.

SCENE V. *Octavia's Entrance, what it should
have been.*

Why has thou stol'n upon us thus? You came not
Like *Cæsar's* sister ; the wife of *Antony*
Should

(26) *Philippa*.] This word, we are to suppose, was so called from the great actions it atchieved in the hands of its heroic master at *Philippi*; the fairest field of his fame, and of which he seems to have been most proud. *Antony* too plumed himself on his descent from *Hercules*; so that this imitation of his ancestor was the more agreeable to him, who submitted to the like treatment from *Omphale*, whose tires and mantles the great *Alcides* put on, and plied her distaff, while she wielded his club, and decked herself in his trophies.

(27) *Oh, &c.*] This is spoken by *Ventidius*, who bears a very considerable share in Mr. *Dryden's* tragedy : but it seems to me, that great man has misrepresented him, and instead of giving us the brave, old, honest, veteran *Roman*, hath given us a furly, rigid buffoon : unlike that *Ventidius* we so greatly admire in his

Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostent of our love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure.
The ne'er touch'd vestal.

SCENE IX. *Fortune forms our Judgment.*

I see, mens' judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

(28) Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;

The

his true character. *Plutarch*, as *Mr. Theobald* has observed, particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on lieutenantancy, and cautious of aiming at any glory in his own name and person.

(28) *Mine, &c.*] After *Enobarbus* has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, (*i. e.* that his reason shews him to be mistaken in his firm adherence to *Antony*) he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "tho' loyalty stubbornly preserved to a master in his declined fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; (*i. e.* men who have not honour enough to think more wisely;) yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror."

Theobald.

The loyalty well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i'th' story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it.

SCENE X. *Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.*

Good, my lord;
 When we in our viciousness grow hard,
 Oh misery on't! the wise gods seal our eyes
 In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
 Adore our errors, laugh at's, while we strut
 To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outstare the lightning; to be furious
 Is to be frightened out of fear, and, in that mood,
 The dove will peck the estridge; I see still
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Master taking leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
 May be, it is the period of your duty;
 Haply you shall not see me more, or if,—
 A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away; but, like a master,

Married

Married to your good service, stay till death;
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

SCENE III. *Early rising the Way to Eminence.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

SCENE VI. *Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.*

O, thou day o'th' world,
(29) Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

SCENE VII. *Loathed Life.*

(30) Oh, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That

(29) *Chain, &c.*] i. e. Entwine me, armed as I am, in thy embraces. A chain, Mr. Edwards adds, *Can. of Crit.* p. 123. a gallant man would prefer before any gold one. He observes too, on the last line in the speech, (wherein Mr. Warburton tells us) *Shakespeare* alludes "to an admiral ship on the billows after a storm." Why should it be triumphing like an admiral ship on the billows after a storm? I thought victories gained, not storms escaped, had been the matter of triumphs; and, I suppose, other ships dance on the billows just after the same manner as the admiral's does.

(30) *Oh, &c.*] *Enobarbus* here beautifully calls the moon, the sovereign mistress of true melancholy, and betrays a generous concern for his ingratitude. *Bellarion*, in *Philaster*, Act 4. makes this affecting and melancholy speech;

A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep: bear me, thou gentle bank
For ever, if thou wilt: you sweet ones all,
Let me, unworthy, press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse, strew'd o'er with you,

H 4

That

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

SCENE IX. *Antony's Despondency.*

(31) Oh fun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we shake hands—All come to this!—The hearts
That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

On

Than quick above you; dullness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

The despondency of both is beautiful: but the poet's art is admirable, in so well suiting the sentiments: the despair of one proceeding from guilt; the other from injured innocence.

(31) *Oh fun, &c.*] So *Asian*, just before he kills himself, addresses himself to the sun,

Sid u qasims, &c.

Bright day-light, and thou glory of the world,
Oh fun—to thee now last I send my voice,
Now last I call—and hence am heard no more.

The word *pannell'd*, in the text, hath greatly disturbed the critics; some altering it to *pauler'd*, others to *pag'd*, *spaniel'd*, and the like: but Mr. *Upton*'s last criticism seems most just—"Who," says he, "is so unacquainted with our author as to be ignorant of his vague and licentious use of metaphors: his sporting, as it were, with the meaning of words?—The illusion here, licentious as it is, is to the *pannel* of a wainscot. But hear ye the poet himself in *As you like it*, Act 3. "*Jac.* This fellow will but join you together, as they join wainscot." So that by *the hearts that pannell'd me at heels*, he means, the hearts that join'd me, united themselves to me, &c. This might have been lengthened into a simile, but he chooses to express it more closely by a metaphor." *Upton's Observations on Shakespeare*, p. 200. n. 3. I would always prefer that criticism which retains the original word, if it gives a tolerable sense. Tho' the line

Do discandy, melt their sweets, &c.

is very good sense, I think, it would be better, if we read *do discandying melt their sweets*. The reasons are obvious.

On blossoming *Cæsar* ; and this pine is bark'd
That over-topt them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

SCENE X. *Antony, on his faded Glory.*

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.—Thou hast seen these
 signs,
They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dissimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even such a body ; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Egypt*, and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine ;
(Which whilst it was mine, had annex'd to it
A million more, now lost ;) she, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake

H 5

Wao

Was *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

SCENE XII. *Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.*

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought :
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ? How do ye, women ?
What, what good cheer ? Why, how now, *Charmian* ?
My noble girls ?—Ah women, women ! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out—Good firs, take heart,
We'll bury him : and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
(32) Which sleeps, and never palates more the durg,
The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar's*.

SCENE

(32) *Which sleeps, &c.*] Mr. Seward, in a note on the *Fall of One*, observes; "When we speak in contempt of any thing, we generally

SCENE III. Cleopatra's Dream and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony;
Oh, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye—

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O o'th'earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights

Were

rally resolve it into its first principles: thus, man is dust and ashes, and the food we eat, the dung, by which first our vegetable, and from thence our animal food is nourish'd. This sentiment has in *Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra*, escaped the observation of two that deservedly bear the first names in criticism, Sir Thomas Hammer and Mr. Warburton. *Cleopatra* finding she can no longer riot in the pleasures of life, with the usual workings of a disappointed pride, pretends a disgust to them, and thus speaks in praise of suicide—And it is great, &c. (as in the text.)

From the observation above, nothing can be clearer than this passage: *Both the beggar and Cæsar are fed and nursed by the dung of the earth:* and in this sense it always appeared to me before the following demonstration of it occur'd. In the first scene of the same play, *Antonio* says,

Kingdoms are clay, our *dungy* earth alike
Feeds beasts as man.—

Though I am persuaded, with Mr. Seward, this is the true sense of the passage; yet we must nicely observe the sense of *sleeps* and *palates*, which are quite peculiar, and may be reckoned amongst the anomalies of *Shakespeare*. "Suicide," says he "shackles accidents and bolts up change, *sleeps*, [i. e. causes us to sleep] and never *palates*," [never more to *palate*, &c.]

Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
 The elements they liv'd in; in his livery,
 Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and island's were
 As plates dropt from his pocket.

SCENE V. *Firm Resolution.*

How poor an instrument
 May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me: now from head to foot
 I am marble constant; now the fleeting moon
 No planet is of mine.

SCENE VI. *Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.*

—Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me. Now no more
 The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*: quick—methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act. (33) I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men
 T'excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come;
 Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So—have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel,

(33) *I bear, &c.*] It has been observed, this possibly might
 have been shadowed out from *Claudian*;

—*Jam non ad culmina rerum
 Injustos crevisse queror: tolluntur in altum
 Ut lapsu graviore cadant.*

In *Rufinum L.*

To fairest heights that wicked men attain,
 No more I marvel, and no more complain;
 Since but with greater ruin down to fall
 Aloft they're rais'd.

Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewell.

Have I the asp in my lips? Do'st fall? [Applying the Asp. To *Iras*.]

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Do'st thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies*.]

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base——

If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,
[To the Asp.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate (34)
Of life at once untie. Oh, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* as,
Unpoliced!

Char. Oh, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O *Antony*! Nay, I will take thee too,—

[Applying another Asp.]
(35) What should I stay.—— [Dies.]
Char.

(34) *Intrinsecate*] i. e. Intricate, intangled, or tied in hard knots; so, in *King Lear*,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too *intrinsecate* to unloose.

Edwards.

(35) *What should I stay, &c.*] *Shakespeare* excels prodigiously in these breaks; so, *Percy*, in *Henry IV.* first part, just departing; says,

——No,

Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well;
Now, boast thee, death; in thy possession lies
A life unparallel'd.

—No, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies*]
P.Hen. Worms; brave *Percy*, fare thee well, &c.

General Observation.

THIS play (says *Johnson*) keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. *Upton*, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which *Cæsar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.

Coriolanus.



II.

Coriolanus.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Mob.

WHAT (1) would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one af-
frights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where

(1) *What, &c.*] *Shakespeare* has many passages on the uncertainty of popular favour, and the fickleness of the vulgar: the reader will find one in the 2d part of *Henry IV.* v. 2. p. 17. where I have referred to this: *Milton*, in his 3d book of *Paradise Regained*, has a passage remarkably similar to this. Satan says to Christ,

These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory: glory, the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits?
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
—What is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people, but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well-weigh'd scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares :
 Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hail-stone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye !
 With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble, that was now your hate;
 Him vile, that was your garland.

SCENE V. *Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.*

—Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fame, nor capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarrments of all fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to *Marcus*. Where I find him, were it

At

Of whom to be disprais'd, were no small praise,
 His lot who dares be singularly good ?
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

In the second line of the text, the meaning seems plain to any vulgar reader; but Mr. *Warburton* imagining something more than his author intended, alters it to

That *likes not* peace nor war.

The author is describing the fickleness of the mob, whom nothing pleases; uneasy, murmuring and rebellious in time of peace; fearful, discontented and cowardly in time of war; affrighted and rendered clamorous by the one; saucy and wavering, being made proud, by the other. The reader may see the humour of this set of people, in the 4th Act, and 8th Scene of the play, which (if there wants any) may cast some light on the passage.

At home upon my brother's guard, ev'n there,
Against the hospitable canon, wou'd I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart.

SCENE VI. *An imaginary Description of Corio-
lanus warring.*

(2) Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum :
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair :
As children from a bear, the *Volsci* shunning him :
Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call thus—
“ Come on ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in *Rome* : ” his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virg. His bloody brow ! Oh, *Jupiter*, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At *Grecian* swords contending.

SCENE XI. *Doing our Duty merits not Praise.*

Pray, now no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me :
I have done as you have done, that's what I can ;
Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my country ;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

A C T

(2) *Methinks, &c.*] This martial speech is spoken by *Volumnia*, the mother of *Coriolanus*, to his wife *Virgilia*. I cannot approve the third line: the word *children* is frequently made three syllables by *Shakespeare*, and other old poets; so that we might read, as *children a bear*, or rather, as *children do a bear*. It may indeed do as it now stands, *shunning* being taken in the sense of *flying*, but still, *shunning from*, is harsh.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him; and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a (3) rapture lets her baby cry,

While

(3) *Rapture.*] i. e. A taking away, a fit. *Seld-Shewn* Flamins, is particular, meaning, seldom shewn or seen. The *war* of white and damask means only the *struggle*, or contention between them for superiority: and tho', as Mr. Warburton observes, "it is the agreement and union of the colours that make the beauty;" yet these two may be well said to *war* or contend with each other for superior beauty: so that I think, there is no need of altering the passage, as he would have it, to *ware*. The expression, *that whatsoever god who leads him*, is particular too, and is to be understood as if he had said, *as if that god, whatever god is he, who leads him*, &c.

When I made the remark above on Mr. Warburton's criticism of *ware*, I did not know Mr. Edwards had taken any notice of it: however, I find in the 94th page of his *Canons of Criticism*, he observes, "Perhaps some other professed critic, disliking Mr. Warburton's *Commodity*, and being offended with the idea of venality which the word *merchandise* gives in this place, (for the reader must know, he explains *ware*, by *commodity* and *merchandise*) may tell us we should read, *commit the wear*, i. e. hazard the wearing out—commit, from *committre*, an old French word, which is no small recommendation to it; but a poor poetical reader would let this figure pass; and not be alarmed (except for his own heart) on account of this innocent war between the roses and lillies in a lady's cheek; remembering that beautiful tho' simple description of it, in the old ballad of *Fair Rosamond*.

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lilly and the rose
For *mastership* did strive.

If Mr. Warburton should object to the authority of this unknown poet, I hope he will allow that of *Shakespeare* himself, who in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, has these lines,

The

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalks, bulks, windows
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions: all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flamins
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
 Of *Phœbus*' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

S C E N E VI.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
 Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
 When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' consul's view
 Slew three opposers; *Tarquin's* self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,

He

This silent war of lillies and of roses,
 Which *Tarquin* view'd in her fair face's field.

p. 103. *Source's* ed.

See too the foregoing stanza in the same poem.

He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
 He lurch'd all swords o'th' garland. For this last
 Before, and in *Corioli*, let me say
 I cannot speak him home: he stop't the flyers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was trimm'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
 For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul akes
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by th' other.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Character of Coriolanus.*

His nature is too noble for this world :

(4) He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his
mouth ;

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

SCENE V. *Honour and Policy.*

I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'th' war do grow together ; grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there.

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee buffing the stones : (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant

More

(4) *He, &c.] Thomson*, who hath written a tragedy on this subject, tho' with little success, his dramatic genius being utterly incapable of treading in the steps of *Shakspear*, puts this character of *Coriolanus* into the mouth of *Gaius* ;

Spite of my love to *Marcus* I must own it,
The vigorous soil whence his heroic virtues
Luxuriant rise, if not with careful hand
Severely weeded, teems with imperfections.
His lofty spirit brooks no opposition :
His rage, if once offended, knows no bounds,
He deems plebeians, with patrician blood
Compar'd, the creatures of a lower species,
Mere menial hands by nature meant to serve him.

Act 2. Sc. 1.

The reader will be agreeably entertained by reading the life of this hero, written by *Plutarch*, which will add many beauties to this composition of *Shakspear*.

More learned than the ears;) (5) waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That wilt not hold the handling; [or] say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
(6) Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their loves; but thou wilt frame

Thyself

(5) *Waving thy head, &c.*] Mr. Warburton and Sir Thomas Hanmer after him, thinking this passage corrupt and absurd, alter it thus;

Waving thy band,
Which soften thus correcting, &c.

We have nothing more to do than explain the passage, to shew their mistake: the mother desires her son to go to the populace with all tokens of humility, "with his bonnet in his *band*, which he was to *stretch* forth, and to buss the stones with his knee, and to *wave* his *head* in token of contrition (a most common and daily-observable method) *which* [or the doing of which] often thus correcting his stout heart [by thus *waving*, in sign of submission, correcting and chastising that pride, and subduing that erroneous obstinacy by this humiliation; he confesses to punish and bring under, &c.] then, she adds, say, so and so, &c. We may suppose, *often thus*, is spoken *διετιμωσ*, as the rhetoricians say, she herself, while speaking, being supposed to *wave* her head, in the manner she would have *Coriolanus* do it. Mr. Warburton asks—"Where is the sense or grammar of, Which often thus, &c." I would answer one question by another—Where is the sense or grammar of, *Waving thy band, which soften thus?* &c. —The reader may observe, *band* and *soft*, are both used in the speech, not far from this place, which is some objection to the critic's emendation.

The second line is a proof she uses that *action* she would recommend to her son: the reader will observe, *or*, in the 8th line is quite unnecessary, the verse and sense being compleat without it; for which reason I have put it in crotchets, as a perplexing and idle expletive.

(6) *Hast not, &c.*] So *Othello* tells the senate of *Venice*;

Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace, &c.

See ACT. I. Sc. 2.

Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus, his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do't :
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
And by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

(7) At thy choice then;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let

Thy

(7) *At thy, &c.*]

Daughter rise,
Let us no more before the *Volscian* people
Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame.
It is in vain we try to melt a breast,
That to the best affections nature gives us,
Prefers the worst. Hear me, proud man, I have
A heart as stout as thine. I came not hither,
To be sent back, rejected, baffled, sham'd,
Hateful to *Rome*, because I am thy mother :
A *Roman* matron knows, in such extremes,
What part to take, and thus I came provided.

[Drawing from a robe a dagger.]

Go, barbarous son, go, double parricide!
Rush o'er my corse to thy belov'd revenge.

Tread

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dang'rous stoutness: for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou list;
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
 But own thy pride thyself.

SCENE VI. *His Detestation of the Vulgar.*

You common cry of curs whose breath I hate,
 As reek o'th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
 As the dead carcases of unburied men
 That do currupt my air: I banish you:
 And here remain with your uncertainty:
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair: have the power still
 To banish your defenders, till at length,
 Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
 Making but reservation of yourselves
 Still your own enemies) deliver you,
 As most abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows.

ACT VI. SCENE I.

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

————— You were us'd
 To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
 A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With

Tread on the bleeding breast of her to whom
 Thou ow'st thy life.

Thomson's Coriolanus, Act 5. Sc. 1.

See the page following.

With precepts, that wou'd make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

SCENE III. *On common Friendships.*

Oh world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unseperable, shall within this hour,
(8) On a dissension of a doit, break out,
To bitter enmity. So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,

Some

(8) *On a dissension, &c.*] This is a beautiful picture of the trivial accidents that break and contract common friendships : I remember a passage in a poem called, *An Essay on Conversation*, (which is written, if I am not mistaken, by Mr. *Stillingsfleet*, and may be found in *Dodley's Miscellany*,) where he excellently sets forth the little follies that occasion fatal breaches in friendship, than which, as *Manilius* long since observed, nothing in nature is more noble, and nothing in nature more rare.

*Nihil ex semet natura creavit
Pectore amicitiae majus, nec varius unquam.*

I have not the poem by me, but so far as I can recollect the passage, will give it my reader.

Panthus and *Euclio* link'd in friendship's tye,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die :
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd,
'Twas but one soul, that in two bodies reign'd !
One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
They ply'd the social, but still temperate glass :
When lo ! a doubt was rais'd about a word—
A doubt that must be ended by the sword !
One falls a victim : mark, O man, thy shame !
Because their glossaries were not the same.

I believe the ingenious author uses this example with a different design from that for which I have quoted it ; however, it will serve very well to cast a light on the present topic.

Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

SCENE IV. *Martial Friendship.*

—————(9) Let me twine
Mine.

(9) *Let me, &c.*] Nothing can be imagined more noble than this generosity of *Aufidius*, and we may well say, *Shakespeare* hath given him words equal to the greatness of his soul: *Thomson* owes much to *Shakespeare*, in this character more particularly; one speech or two will be sufficient to shew not only that, but how dangerous it is to attempt the flights of this daring *British* eagle. In the first act of *Thomson's* tragedy, before *Coriolanus* puts himself under the protection of *Tullus*, the *Volscean* tells his friend:

My soul, my friend, my soul is all of fire!
Thirst of revenge consumes me: the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy *Roman*, this proud *Martius* haunts me!
Each troubled night, when slaves and captives sleep
Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams
Anew am vanquish'd: and beneath the sword
With horror sinking, feel a ten-fold death,
The death of honour: but I will redeem—
Yes, *Martius*, I will yet redeem my fame;
To face thee once again is the great purpose
For which alone I live.

And in the 4th scene following, he says to *Coriolanus*, now discover'd to him;

O, *Caius Martius*, in this one short moment
That we have friendly talk'd, my ravish'd heart
Hath undergone a great, a wond'rous change.
I ever held thee in my best esteem:
But this heroic confidence has won me,
Stamp'd me at once thy friend. I were, indeed,
A wretch as mean, as this thy trust is noble,
Cou'd I refuse thee thy demand.—Yes, *Martius*,
Thou hast thy wish, take half of my command,
If that be not enough, then take the whole.
We have, my friend, a gallant force on foot,
An army, *Martius*, fit to follow thee.
Go, lead them on; and take thy full revenge:
All should unite to punish the ungrateful;
Ingratitude is treason to mankind, &c.

Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters; here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest,
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever, in ambitious strength, I did
 Contend again thy valour. (10) Know thou, first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing, more dances my wrapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times; and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each others throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
 (11) The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
 These

(10) *Know thou, &c.*] In the first Act and 9th Scene of this play *Coriolanus* says,

—Oh! let me clip ye,
 In arms as found; as when I woo'd; in heart
 As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
 And tapers burnt to bed-ward.

(11) *The veins; &c.*] This observation of *Shakespeare* is by general practice verified, and by many copied from him: Mr. *Theobald* tells us, lord *Bacon* somewhere in his essays makes this very remark.

These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fast ; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request.

SCENE III. *Obstinate Resolution.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature break !

(12) Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curt'fie worth ; or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others : my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod ; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great

(12) *Let it, &c.] Thomson*, well describing the obstinate and revengeful temper of *Coriolanus*, makes him speak thus ;

What saidst thou, what against the power of vengeance ?
The gods gave honest anger, just revenge,
To be the awful guardians of the rights
And native dignity of human kind.
O, were it not for them, the saucy world
Wou'd grow a noisome nest of little tyrants !
Each carrion-crow, on eagle-merit perch'd,
Wou'd peck his eyes out ; and the mongrel cur
At pleasure bait the lion.—No, *Gaius*,
I wou'd not rashly nor on light occasion,
Receive the deep impression in my breast :
But when the base, the brutal, and unjust,
Or, worse than all, th' ungrateful stamp it there ;
O, I will then with luxury supreme,
Enjoy the pleasure of offended gods,
▲ righteous, just revenge.

Act 1. Sc. 5.

I have been pretty large in my quotations from this fine and moving scene, but would by all means refer the reader to the original, as well as to that part of *Mr. Thomson's* play, where, in my opinion at least, he most excels.

Great nature cries,—Deny not.—Let the *Volsians*
Plow *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be such a gossling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

—————Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since—Ye gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i'th' earth,
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

—————(13) The noble sister of *Poplicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaste as the icicle,
That's

(13) *The noble, &c.*] *Emilia*, in the last act of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, thus addresses *Diana*, the patroness of chastity;

Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe: &c.

In *Milton's Comus*, the brother speaking of his sister, says,

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She, that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
I 3 Infamous

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

(14)———The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme *Jove*, inform

Thy

Infamous hills, and sandy, perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce, banditti, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where every desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns, shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblemish'd majesty;
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unkind ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

He then speaks of *Diana*, the patroness of chastity, and of *Minerva*; and goes on,

So dear to Heaven is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear:
Till oft converse with heavenly habitans
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal, &c.

See the whole passage.

(14) *The god, &c.*] See the first page of the first volume, and the note. There is something peculiarly great and exalted in this prayer of *Coriolanus*: the expressions are perfectly suited to the sublimity of the petitions. The word *flaw*, in the last line but one, means 'a sudden and impetuous gust of wind,' tho' it hath a different sense in the 2d part of *Hen. IV.* see *Act 4. Sc. 8.*

In

Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Coriolanus' Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

————— Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither ; since thy fight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out ; and to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. * * *
* * * * We must find,
An eminent calamity though we had
Our wish which side thou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets : or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood ; for my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, still
These wars determine ; if I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,

Than

In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Arctur*, lamenting the many mis-
eries of their captivity, among the rest complains—that they
should have

No issue know them ;——
No figure of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our eye, and like young eagles, teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were—and conquer.

Than seek the end of one : thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

SCENE IV. *Peace after a Siege.*

Ne'er thro' an arch so hurried the blown tide,
 As the re-comforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark you!
 (15) The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
 Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*
 Make the fun dance.

(15) *The, &c.*] *Shakespear* possibly might have this verse from the 3d chapter of *Daniel*, in view, when he wrote the above.

At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image, &c.

Or this from the last Psalm.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the psaltery and harp: praise him with the timbrel and dance, praise him with the stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals, praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

General Observation.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* (says *Johnson*) is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in *Ménenius*; the lofty lady's dignity in *Volumnia*; the bridal modesty in *Virgilia*; the patrician and military haughtiness in *Coriolanus*; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various-revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

Cymbeline.



III.

Cymbeline.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. **T**HOU should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt
'em, but

To look upon him; (1) till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept: but, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him

How

(1) *Till, &c.*] There needs no alteration here: *Imogen* says, "She would not have left to after-eye him, till he was as little as a crow, nay, she would have crackt her eye-strings to look upon him, till the diminution of space [the lessening of the space he took up] had pointed him sharp as a needle," (till the ace he took up seem'd not only small as a bird, but even sharp a needle's point.)

How I would think of him at certain hours,
 Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him ~~swear~~,
 The she's of *Italy* should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour: or have charg'd him
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 T' encounter me with orisons, (for then
 I am in heav'n for him;) or e'er I could
 Give him that parting kiss, (2) which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, ~~comes~~ in my father,
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from blowing*.

SCENE VIII. *The Baseness of Falshood to a Wife.*

Doubting things go ill often hurts more,
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Or are past remedies; or timely following,
 The remedy then borne, ~~discovery~~ to me
 What both you spur and stopp

Iach. (3) Had I this cheek

To

(2) Which, &c.] Mr. Warburton, in his note on this passage, has had the felicity to discover what the two charming words were, between which *Imogen* would have set her parting kiss, which *Shakespeare* probably never thought of. He says, "without question, by these two charming words, she would be understood to mean,

Adieu, *Posthumus*.

The one religion made so, the other love.

Imogen must have understood the etymology of our language very exactly, to find out so much religion in the word *adieu*, which we use commonly, without fixing any such idea to it; as when we say, such a man has *bid adieu* to all religion. And on the other side, she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every body else called her husband. *Edward's* Gal. of Crit. p. 115.

* Blowing, *Wac.* vulg. growing.

(3) Had I, &c.] He afterwards says,

To

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
 Whose very touch wou'd force the feeler's soul
 To th' oath of loyalty: this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
 That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falsehood as with labour;
 Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrious as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Imogen's *Bedchamber*; in one Part of it, a large
Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo. — Mine eyes are weak
 Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed —
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
 And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
 I prithee call me — Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[Exit Lady.]
 To your protection I commend me, gods,
From

To be partner'd
 With tom-boys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield: with diseas'd ventures
 That play with all infirmities for gold,
 Which rottenness lends nature! such boil'd stuff
 As well might poison poison: be reveng'd, &c.

These lines are well worthy the reflection of all those gentlemen, who style themselves *Men of Pleasure*: if they would duly weigh the truth of them; their own pride sure would be the first thing, to draw them, as *Shakespeare* says, from their lascivious ports.

From fairies and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, I beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest : our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, e'er he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch,
But kifs, one kifs—Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o'th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct—but my design
To note the chamber—I will write all down :
Such and such pictures—there the window—such
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why such, and such,—and the contents o'th' story—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t'enrich mine inventory.
(4) O, sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off.—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery as the *Gordian* knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,

Stronger

(4) *O sleep, &c.*] So *Ovid* says,

Stulte quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago ?

Fool, what is sleep, but th' image of cold death ?

See *Measure for Measure* (the Duke's fine speech to *Claudio*.)

Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think, I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late
 The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomel* gave up—I have enough,
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift you dragons of the night, that dawning
 (5) May bear the raven's eye; I lodge in fear;
 Tho' this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV. *Gold.*

(6) 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's

(5) *May bear, &c.*] Some copies read, *bare*, or *make bare*; others, *ope*: but the true reading is, *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very sublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey*: hence it is so commonly called, the *grey-cy'd* morning; in *Romeo and Juliet*,

I'll say yon *grey* is not the morning's eye.

Warburton.

No term in heraldry is so common as to *bear*, so that, doubtless, Mr. *Warburton's* explanation must be allowed: *Shakespeare* uses it in *Much ado about Nothing*;

“ So that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him *bear* it for a difference between him and his horse.”

(6) *Tis, &c.*] See the 2d part of *Henry IV.* Act 4. Sc. 11. *Virgil* says,

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
 Auri sacra fames?*

Curs'd gold, how high will daring mortals rise
 In every guilt to reach the glitt'ring prize?

Pw, Æn. 3. v. 57.

Horace,

Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
 Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer : and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man ; what
 Can it not do, and undo ?

SCENE VII. *A Satire on Women.*

(7) Is there no way for men to be, but women
 Must be half-workers ? We are bastards all ;

And

Horace has an ode expressly on this subject, That gold makes its
 way thro' all things : 'tis in his 3d book, and the 16th ode. Take
 part of it in the words of *Creech* ;

A tower of brass, gates strong and barr'd,
 And watchful dogs suspicious guard,
 From creeping night-adulterers
 That sought imprison'd *Danae's* bed
 Might have secur'd one maidenhead,
 And freed the old *Acrisius* from his fears.
 But *Jove* and *Venus* soon betray'd
 The jealous guardian of the maid :
 They knew the way to take the hold,
 They knew the pass must open lie
 To ev'ry hand and ev'ry eye,
 When *Jove* himself was bribe, and turn'd to gold ;
 Gold loves to break thro' gates and bars
 It is the thunderbolt of wars :
 It flies thro' walls, and breaks away :
 By gold the *Argive* augur fell,
 It taught the children to rebel,
 And made the wife her fatal lord betray.
 When engines, and when arts do fail,
 The golden wedge can cleave the wall ;
 Gold, *Philip's* rival, kings o'erthrew ;
 Rough seaman, stubborn as the flood,
 And angry seas that they have plough'd,
 Bribes quickly snare and easily subdue, &c.

(7) *Is there, &c.*] *Milton* says,

O why did God
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last

This

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where

When

This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?

Per. 'loft, 'B. 1. to. v. 188.

This thought, as Dr. Newton has well observed, both in *Shake-
sp. ar* and *Milton*, "was originally from *Euripides*, who makes *Hip-
politus*, in like manner, expostulate with *Jupiter*, for not creating
man without woman." See *Hip.* 616.

O *Jupiter*, why woman, man's sole woe,
Hast thou created? Wherefore didst thou not,
Minding to people earth, perform thy purpose
Without this female race, this fair defect?

And *Jason* is made to talk in the same strain, in the *Medea*, 573:

Children by other means should be created,
Without the aid of women, these not born,
Man then had shunn'd variety of ills.

Dr. Newton adds, "Such sentiments as these, we suppose, pro-
cured *Euripides* the name of woman-hater. *Aristo*, however, hath
ventured upon the same, in *Rodomont's* invective against woman.
Orlando Furioso, Cant. 27. S. 120.

Why did not nature rather so provide,
Without your help, that man of man might come,
And one be grafted on another's side,
As are the apples with the pear and plumb?

Harrington, St. 97.

It would be endless to quote from authors, passages similar to
this in *Shakespeare*: those of our own nation have greatly labour'd
on the topic: Mr. *Warburton* himself hath joined the band, and
fought against the ladies, as his pithy reflections on the wife of
Job, in his *Divine Legation*, shew: however, we still find them re-
taining their power in spite of all the malice of their foes, and
amidst so many enemies still triumphant.

The manner in which the jealous *Posthumus* describes the an-
parent modesty of his wife, deserves to be compared with the
following passage from *Philaster*, who having received a letter to
inform him of the falshood of his mistress, whom he dearly loved
and believed perfectly chaste, says;

'O, let

When I was stamp't. Some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
 The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this—Oh, vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I thought her
 As chaste as unsunn'd snow. * * *
 * * * Could I find out

The woman's part in me;—for there's no motion
 That

O, let all women,
 That love black deeds learn to dissemble here!
 Here by this paper she doth write to me,
 As if her heart were mines of adamant
 To all the world beside: but unto me,
 A maiden snow that melted with my looks.

See *Philaster*, Act. 3.

A little further in the same act, he thus declaims against the sex.

Some far place,
 Where never womankind durst set her foot,
 For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
 And live to curse you:
 There dig a cave and preach to birds and beasts,
 What woman is, and help to save them from you:
 How heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts
 More hell, than hell has: how your tongues like scor-
 pions,
 Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
 With thousand changes in on subtle web,
 And worn so by you. How that foolish man,
 That reads the story of a woman's face,
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
 How all the good you have is but a shadow,
 I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten: how your vows are frosts,
 Last for a night, and with the next sun gone:
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
 Till my last hour I'm bound to utter of you,
 So, farewell all my woe, all my delight.

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part ; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice-longing, slanders, mutability ;
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but rather all. For even
 to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still ;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will ;
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

ACT III. SCENE II.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

(8) Oh, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, *Pisano* ?

He

(8) Nothing can be conceived more natural and more inimitable than this impatient fondness of the faithful and amiable wife : she no sooner hears news of her husband, than she is immediately even for flying to him, for gliding thither in an instant of time : *Pisano's* assistance was necessary : she knew he loved his lord ; she tells him so ; how then does the jealous fondness of her affection break out—None could love him, none must long to see him like her : she must be told of the place, the distance, the manner of going, ere it can possibly be told ; she must contrive how to escape, she must invent an excuse—foolish and impertinent ; she then reflects—how must she be gone ; how many score miles can she ride 'twixt hour and hour ? how mortifying the reply ! but one score betwixt—not hour and hour, but sun and sun ! disgusted at this, she wants to hear no more of it, but meditates solely her departure. Her trusty *Pisano* wishes her to consider of this dangerous step. She replies, “ It is enough for me that I see before me—I do that, indeed ; but neither here nor here, [what is on this hand or that hand,] nor what ensues, [what is or may be the consequence of this step] but

He is at *Milford-Haven*: read and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisano*,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
 (Oh, let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind—Oh, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond—say, and speak thick:
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
 To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*? And by th' way,
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all
 How may we steal from hence: and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
 And our return t'excuse—but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'th' clocks behalf. But this is foolery.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father, and provide me, present,
 A riding suit: no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prithee,

Do

but have a fog in them which I cannot pierce thro'; all things,
 but just the present, before my sight are dark and misty to
 me."—This is certainly a just and natural sense of the passage,
 and consequently, preferable to any other, which the alterations
 of critics render precarious.

Do as I bid thee ; there's no more to say ;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *A Forest, with a Cave in Wales.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. (9) A goodly day ! not to keep house, with such,
 Who's roof's as low as ours : see boys ! this gate
Instructs

(9) *A goodly, &c.*] If the reader will be pleased to consult the 2d Act and 2d Scene of the *Two noble Kinsmen*, he will find, as has been observed, " great similitude of sentiment, style, and spirit : " *Palamon* and *Arcite* are there introduced into prison together ;—*Arcite*, amongst other things observes ;

This is all our world——

We shall know nothing here but one another :
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes :
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it :
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, *Arcite*. To our *Theban* hounds
 That shook the aged forests with their echoes,
 No more now must we hollow, no more shake
 Our pointed javelin, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a *Parthian* quiver from our rages,
 Struck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant uses,
 The food and nourishment of noble minds,
 In us two here shall perish : we shall die,
 Which is the curse of honour, lazily,
 Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,

Even from the bottom of these miseries,
 From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
 I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
 If the gods please to hold here, a brave patience,
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.
 Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish,
 If I think this our prison.

* * * * *

Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
 To keep us from corruption of worse men ;
 We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
 That liberty and common conversation,

The

Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns ; and bows you
 To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may get thro'
 And keep their impious turbands on, without
 Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n !
 We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n !

Arve

The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
 Woo us, to wander from. What worthy blessing
 Can be, but our imaginations
 May make it ours ? and here being thus together
 We are an endless mine to one another ;
 We're one another's wife, ever begetting
 New births of love : we're father, friends, acquaintance,
 We are in one another, families,
 I am your heir, and you are mine : this place
 Is our inheritance : no hard oppressor
 Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience,
 We shall live long, and loving : no surfeits seek us :
 The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
 Swallow their youth : were we at liberty
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
 Quarrels consume us : envy of ill men
 Reave our acquaintance : I might sicken, cousin,
 Where you should never know it, and so perish
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
 Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances
 Were we from hence wou'd sever us.

Pal. You have made me,
 (I thank you, cousin *Arcite*) almost wanton
 With my captivity : what a misery
 It is to live abroad, and every where ?
 'Tis like a beast, methinks : I find the court here ;
 I'm sure a more content, and all those pleasures
 That woo the wills of men to vanity,
 I see thro' now : and am sufficient
 To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow.
 That old time, as he passes by, takes with him.
 What had we been ? been old in the court of *Creon*,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance,
 The virtues of the great ones : cousin, *Arcite*,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 W' had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
 And had their epitaphs the peoples curses.

Arw. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war,
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

* *Guid.* Out of your proof you speak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know
What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arw. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? we have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies, our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I' th' name of fame, and honour, which dies i' th'
 search,

And hath as oft a fland'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the censure. Oh, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With *Roman* swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you
 oft,

But that two villains whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was confederate with the *Romans*: so
 Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years,
 This rock; and these demesnes, have been my world,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
 More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time——But up to th' moun-
 tains,

This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'th' feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 Its place of greater state.

The

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
 They think they're mine, (10) and though train'd up
 thus meanly

I'th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. (11) This *Paladour*,
(The

(10) *And ibo'*, Sec.] That passage is printed thus in the old editions;

—And tho' train'd up thus meanly
It's cave whereon they bow.

which the critics have alter'd according to their several fancies and conjectures: Mr. Theobald, and the Oxford editor, read,

I'th'caye, bered on the brow.

That is surely too insignificant and inexpressive for *Shakespeare*. Mr. Warburton gives us a more plausible, and I think, just emendation—that I have admitted into the text: which the first lines of *Belarius's* speech seem to confirm;

Whose roof's as low as ours : *see*, boys, this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns : and *bows* you
To morning holy office.

“ Tho’ thus meanly brought up in a cave, which is so low, that they must bow or bend in entering it; yet these young princes’ thoughts are so exalted, they hit the roofs of palaces.”

(11) *Tbu, &c.*) There is a passage in the *Maid's Tragedy*, (the beginning of the first act) which well deserves to be compared with that in the text: *Melantius*, an old, honest general, thus speaks of his friend:

His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it : when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,

And

(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The king his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Jove!*
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say, thus, mine enemy fell,

And

And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard :
Then wou'd he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it—He oft wou'd make me smile at this ;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe age
Will see it all perform'd.—

Mr. *Seward* observes—(see his preface, p. xvii.) ' A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his sword, feeling its edge, and poising it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expressive of the inward ardor and ecstasy of soul : but what is most observable is,

—And in his hand
Weigh it,—&c.

By this beautiful pause or break, the action and picture continue in view, and the poet, like *Homer*, is eloquent in silence. It is a species of beauty that shews an intimacy with that father of poetry, in whom it occurs extremely often. *Milton* has an exceeding fine one in the description of his *Lazar-boufe*.

—Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,
And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook—but delay'd to strike, &c.

Par. Lost, B. II. v. 490.

As *Shakespeare* did not study *versification*, so much as these poets who were conversant in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I don't remember in him any striking instance of this species of beauty. But he even wanted it not ; his sentiments are so amazingly bright, that they pierce the heart at once ; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the beauty and nerves adorning and invigorating the thoughts of other poets, to him are but like the bodies of angels, *azure vehicles*, through which the whole soul shines transparent. Of this, take the following instance ;

This *Paladour*, &c."

See the 2d part of *Henry VI.* Act 4. Sc. 1. n. 8.

And thus I fet my foot on's neck,—even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, *Cadwall*
 (Once, *Arviragus*) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving.

SCENE IV. *Slander.*

—(12) No, 'tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

(13) False to his bed! What is it to be false,
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep charge
 nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? That false to's bed!

Woman in Man's Dress.

(14) You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
 The handmaids of all women, (or more truly
 Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage,
 Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and

As

(12) *No, 'tis, &c.*] See *Measure for Measure*, Act 3. Sc. 6.

(13) *False, &c.*] See *Hen. IV.* part 1. n. 8.

(14) *You must, &c.*] See *As you like it*, Act 1. Sc. 10.

As quarrelous as the weazel : nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but oh, the harder hap*,
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common kissing Titan ; and forget
 Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

SCENE VII. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in Boy's Cloaths.

I see, a man's life is a tedious one ;
 I've tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me : *Milford*,
 When from the mountain-top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
 Foundations fly the wretched ; such I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
 Is forer, than to lie for need : and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
 'Thou'rt one o'th' false ones ; now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this ?

[Seeing the Cave.

Here is a path to't,—'Tis some savage hold ;
 'Twere best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine
 Ere it clean o'erthrows nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
 Of hardiness is mother.

Labour.

● Hap, *Warb.* vulg. heart.

Labour.

—(15) *Weariness*

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmless Innocence.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. (16) Good masters, harm me not ;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took ; good
troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i'th'floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth !

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bruggart.

(17) To whom ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have
not I

An

(15) *Weariness, &c.*] See *Hen. IV.* 2d part, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(16) *Good masters, &c.*] See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 8. where
Orlando, like *Imogen*, distressed for food, humbly and pathetically
addresses himself to the duke and his company.

(17) *To whom, &c.*] —Turn away my face !
I never yet saw enemy that look'd

K 2

So

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth.

SCENE IV. *Fool Hardiness.*

—Being scarce made up,
 I mean to man; he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
 Is oft the (18) cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

—O, thou goddess,
 Thou divine nature; how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys: they are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
 (Their royal blood enchas'd), as the rud'st wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd.

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her
 in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,

Of

So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
 As great a basilisk as he: or spake
 So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
 Both thunder underneath as much as his.

Philaster, Act 1.

(18) *Cure, Oxford editor, vulg. cause. Mr. Theobald reads,*

—For th' effect of judgment
 Is oft the cause of fear.—

Of what we blame him for!

Arr. The bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh, sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Oh, melancholy,
Who ever yet could found thy bottom; find
The ooze to shew what coast (19) thy sluggish care
Might

(19) *Thy sluggish care,*] Mr. Warburton tells us, plausible as this reading at first sight may seem, all those who know any thing of good writing, will agree that our author must have wrote,

To shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in.

Carrack, is a slow, heavy-built vessel of burden. To this conjecture, Mr. Theobald, and the Oxford editor, yield up *Shakespeare's* word, and admit *carrack* in the text. I wish, for my own sake, I could be satisfied with it, as by not being so, I must necessarily incur the critic's censure of *knowing nothing of good writing*; however, I must confess, the word immediately sounds to me not like *Shakespeare's*: and 'whatever propriety there may be in it,' according to Mr. Warburton, 'to design a melancholy person,' I can by no means think it our author's: a much more natural word, (was there need of alteration) perhaps many readers would have thought *bark*: yet that, nor any other seems necessary to the sense and beauty of the passage. 'Oh, melancholy, (thou deep sea) who ever yet could found thy bottom? who ever yet could find the ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care (or charge) might eas'liest harbour in?' *Melancholy* is represented unto us under the allegory of a deep sea, and the grief or affliction that occasions the falling into *melancholy*, is beautifully supposed its sluggish care, its burden or charge failing over that sea, and seeking some harbour to land, i. e. to get free from the waters of melancholy: which the poet, by a beautiful interrogation, acquaints us, cannot be done: when once sorrow embarks, and grief launches her *heavy-laden* vessel in the ocean of *melancholy*, no bottom is to be found, no harbour to be made, no deliverance to be obtained from this fathomless and boundless sea.—This ap-

Might eas'liest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but ah!
 Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
 How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see:
 Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber;
 Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right cheek
 Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arr. O'th' floor:
 His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
 My clotted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
 Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
 If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come near thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
 The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
 The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the raddock would
 With charitable bill (oh, bill fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument) bring thee all this,
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
 To (20) winter-ground thy corse——

* * * * * *Bd.*

pears to me the true, and, I think, exquisitely fine sense of the passage: the reader will be the best judge, still remembering if possible, we should elevate our ideas to those of our author, and not correct him to a level with our own apprehensions when we cannot enter into his spirit: my attempt, at least upon this consideration, will be excused, and (if I am mistaken) my mistakes obtain a pardon.

(20) *Winter-ground.*] Mr. *Warburton* displeased at this would read *Winter-gown*: the reading in the text makes good sense, and, as, I think, therefore to be preferred.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: the mean, and mighty, rotting.
Together, have one dust, yet-(21) reverence,
The angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray thee, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o'th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash.

Arr. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash,

Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?—
I thank you—by yond bush—pray, how far thither?—
'Ods pitikins—can it be fix miles yet?—

I've

(21) *Reverence.*] See the passage on *Ceremony*, in *Henry V.*

K 4

I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow!—Oh, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope, I dream;
For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper:
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven, as small (22) a drop of pity
As a wren's eye: oh, gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Routed Army.

(23) No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself,

Of

(22) *A drop of pity:*] So *Othello* says,

I shou'd have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience.

Mr. Theobald observes, 'tho' this expression is very pathetic in both places of our author, it brings to my mind a very humorous passage in the *Arcanenses* of *Aristophanes*. An *Athenian* rustic, in time of war, is robbed of a yoke of oxen by the *Bacotians*: he has almost cry'd his eyes out for the loss of his cattle, and comes to beg for a drop of peace in a quill, to anoint his eyes with.'

—Σὺδ' ἀλλὰ μοι, &c.

One drop of peace at least, I pray you, pour
Into this quill, to bathe mine eyes.

(23) *No blame.*] This description is truly classical, and deserves to be placed in competition with the finest in *Homer* and *Virgil*,
both

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of *Britons* seen ; all flying
 Thro' a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
 More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Death.

(24) I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
 Nor

both of whom abound with numberless passages of the like nature : the learned reader will want no direction to find them out ; however such as are not so well acquainted with the ancients, may be agreeably amused by turning to the 12th *Iliad* ; and 122d line, and the latter end of the 11th book of the *Æneid*. In *Lucan* too, he will meet with some fine descriptions of routs and slaughters : in the 7th book of his *Pharsalia*, he has something very like *Shakspear's* ;

—Having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't.—

The poet says ;

The victors murder, and the vanquish'd bleed ;
 Their weary hands the tir'd destroyers ply,
 Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die. *Rowe.*

But perhaps, no poet, ancient or modern, can equal our blind bard on this subject ; his battle of the angels, their rout and headlong expulsion from heaven are too well known and admired to need particular remarking here.

(24) I—charm'd, &c.] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* ancestors, and so is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this superstition, which made *Erasmus*, where, in his *Morice Encomium*, he gives to each nation his proper characteristic, say, 'the *German* is please themselves with the strength of their bodies, and their knowledge of magic.' And *Prior*, in his *Alma* ;

K 5

North-

Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh eups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
 That draw his knives i'th' war,

North-Britans hence have second fight,
 And *Germans* free from gun shot fight.

Warb.

Aubrey, in the 1st Scene, and 5th Act of the *Bloody Brother*, speaking of death, says;

Am I afraid of death, of dying nobly ?
 Of dying in mine innocence uprightly ?
 Have I met death in all his forms and fears,
 Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances.
 In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,
 And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me
 Smiling and full of sanctity.

General Observation.

Mr. Pope (says Stevens) supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelists, as from *Shakespeare*, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kit of Kingston*.

Hamlet.



IV.

Hamlet.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Prodigies.

IN the most high and (1) palmy state of *Rome*,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeek and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,

Stars

(1) *Palmy*] i.e. Victorious—to gibber, is to chatter or make a gnashing with the teeth. *Disaster*, (says *Skinner*, and as its derivation plainly speaks) signifies *malignum fidus*, an evil star; and by the astrologists it was used for an evil or unlucky conjunction of stars; the great repute of that art, and the influence the stars were supposed to have on man's life, gave it the signification we now use it in. *Shakespeare* uses it in its primary sense. The learned reader will easily recollect the accounts given by the *historians*, of the prodigies preceding the death of *Julius Cæsar*: our author seems neither to have been unacquainted with that fine digression in *Virgil's* first *Georgic* concerning them, nor the account of them in *Ovid*, which 'tis probable he might have imitated from *Virgil*: I shall beg leave to subjoin them both.

* He first the fate of *Cæsar* did foretel,
 And pitied *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell,
 In Iron clouds conceal'd the public light,
 And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
 Nor was the fact foretold by him alone;
 Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun :

Earth,

* *The Sun.*

Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star,

Upon

Earth, air and seas with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did *Ætna's* bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard in *German* skies afar,
Of arms and armies rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen,
And voices heard of more than mortal men,
In silent groves dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell,
The weeping statues did the war foretel,
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then rising in his might the king of floods,
Rush'd thro' the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away:
Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright;
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forked lightnings flash'd from such a sullen sky.
Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space,
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.

Dryden.

Garth's Ovid, B. 15. p. 354.

Among the clouds, were heard the dire alarms
Of echoing trumpets, and of clanging arms:
The sun's pale image gave so faint a light,
That the sad earth was almost veil'd in night;
The æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd,
With storms of hail were mingled drops of blood:
A dusky hue the morning star o'erspread,
And the moon's orb was stain'd with spots of red:
In every place portentous shrieks were heard,
The fatal warnings of th' infernal bird:
In every place the marble melts to tears,
While in the groves, rever'd thro' length of years,
Boding and awful sounds the ear invade,
And solemn music warbles thro' the shade:

No

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

*Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock, and the
Reverence paid to Christmas-Time.*

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

(2) No

No victim can atone the impious age;
No sacrifice the wrathful gods assuage:
Dire wars and civil fury threat the state,
And ev'ry omen points out *Cæsar's* fate:
Around each hallow'd shrine and sacred dome,
Night-howling dogs disturb the peaceful gloom;
Their silent seats and wand'ring shades forsake,
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city shake.

(*Welshed.*)

The originals consist, the first of 23 lines, the latter of 16, the translations of 31 and 22 lines: *Shakspear* has but eight, and perhaps, were we to say he was as expressive and elegant as *Virgil* and *Ovid* on this subject, we might not be tax'd with too great partiality to him: however, it may be no disagreeable amusement to the reader to compare these three passages together, allowing for the great spirit the ancients must lose in a translation. See too *Julius Cæsar*, A. 2. S. 4.

(2) No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

(3) But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

SCENE II. *Real Grief.*

Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems ;
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary fuits of solemn black,
Nor windy fuspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But I have that within, which passeth shew ;
These but the trappings and the fuits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your father :
But you must know your father lost a father
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term

To

(2) *No fairy takes.*] The poet here plainly alludes to that well-known characteristic of the fairies, their *taking away*, or changing children : the whole dispute in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, between *Oberon* and *Titania*, is concerning a boy she had taken away, or stolen from its mother : the reader will find a pretty fable on this subject in *Gay's Fables* : and indeed the thing is so generally known by all read in the æconomy of these *little dapper elves*, it needs not insisting on.

(3) *But, &c.*] See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act. 1. Sc. 8. and the note.

To do obsequious sorrow. (4) But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, does express
 An impious stubbornness, unmanly grief,
 It shews a will most incorrect to heaven ;
 A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschool'd :
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any of the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
 This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

(5) O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;

(4) *But to, &c.] Juvenal says, (Sat. 13.)*

*Ponamus nimios gemitus : flagrantior æquo
 Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.*

Abate thy passion nor too much complain,
 Grief should be forc'd : and it becomes a man
 To let it rise no higher than his pain.

Creuch.

(5) *O, that, &c.]* The late translator of *Longinus* observes, upon that *section*, (the 22d) where his excellent author is speaking of the *Hyperbaton*, " That nothing can better illustrate his remarks than a celebrated passage in *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, where the poet's art has hit off the strongest and most exact resemblance of nature. The behaviour of his mother makes such impression on the young prince, that his mind is big with abhorrence of it, but expressions fail him : he begins abruptly, but as reflections crowd thick upon his mind, he runs off into commendations of his father. Some time after, his thoughts turn again on that action of his mother, which had rais'd his resentments, but he only touches it, and flies off a-

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh, God! oh, God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.
 Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two—
 So excellent a king, that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That

gain; in short, he takes up eighteen lines in telling us that his mother married again in less than two months after her husband's death."

Speaking of *self-slaughter*, in *Cymbeline*, he says;

'Gainst self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak mind.

Hyperion was a name of the sun; *Hamlet*, afterwards speaking of his father, says;

See what a grace was seated on his brow,
Hyperion's curls.

Mr. Dryden observes, on the famous

———*Varium & mutabile semper*
Fœmina———

of *Virgil*, that it is the sharpest satire in these west words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and *animal* must be understood to make them grammar. Mr. Theobald is of opinion, this of *Shakspear*———*Frailty thy name is woman*, is, as being equally concise in the terms, and more sprightly in the thought and image, to be preferred to *Virgil*, and the sharper satire of the two.

It is, I think, observed, either in the *Talers* or *Spectators*, how greatly *Hamlet* exaggerates his mother's offence by continually lessening the time she stayed before her second marriage. 'Tis at first two months—then immediately not so much as two—presently after 'tis within a month; that is again lessened—'twas not only within a month, but within a little month—nay, even before her eyes were dry, and no longer gall'd with her most unrighteous tears.

That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember?—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month?—
 Let me not think on't;—Frailty thy name is woman:
 A little month!—or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why she, even she—
 O heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

SCENE IV. *A complete Man.*

(6) He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

SCENE

(6) *He, &c.*] This (as Mr. *Walley* observes in his *Enquiry into the learning of Shakespeare*) will perhaps be thought too much the suggestion of nature and the human heart, to be taken from a place of *Sophocles*, to which it has great affinity;

Παρτων αριστον ανδρα των επι χθονι
 Κτεινας' οποιον αλλοι εκ οψει ποτι.

Trachin. v. 821.

Which in the most literal translation, is,

You've kill'd the very best of men on earth,
 And shall not look upon his like again.

In *Cymbeline* there is a character very similar to this;

—A creature such
 As to seek through the regions of the earth,

For

SCENE V. *Cautions to young Ladies.*

(7) For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood :
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent : tho' sweet, not lasting ;
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute :
 No more. —
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
 Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, *Opbelia*, fear it, my dear sister,
 And keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,

The

For one his like, there wou'd be something failing
 In him that should compare.

See the first page of that play.

(7) See *All's well that ends well*, Sc. 7.

In *Philaster*, poor injured *Arethusa* thus complains ;

Where may a maiden live securely free,
 Keeping her honour safe ? not with the living,
 They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams
 And make them truths ; they draw a nourishment
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
 And when they see a virtue fortified
 Strongly above the battery of their tongues ;
 Oh, how they cast to sink it : and defeated
 (Soul-sick with poison), strike the monuments
 Where noble names lie sleeping ; till they sweat,
 And the cold marble melt.

Act 3. towards the end.

The canker galls the (8) infants of the spring,
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd ;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
 (9) As watchmen to my heart : but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Shew

(8) *Infants of the spring.*]

Abortive as the first bloom of spring,
 Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost.

Milton's Sampson Agonistes.

(9) *As watchmen.*] All the common editions read *watchmen* ; I suspected the word, and turning to the folios, found it *watchmen*, which appears to me certainly right : *the effects as watchmen.*

Reckless is the same as *careless*, which is read in some editions, and is, I think, the preferable word ; as *recks* not his own, read (*i. e.* regards not his own doctrine) so immediately follows. *Spenser* in his *Calender*, greatly reproveth those ungracious pastors, who are said here to tread the primrose paths of dalliance, and pay no regard to the good lessons they teach their flocks : see *July* : and *Milton* is not sparing of his satire on this subject : he thus reprehends the too proud and ungracious pastors ;

How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies fake,
 Creep and intrude and climb into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy-bidden guest :
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ! what need they ? They are sped,
 And when they list their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipe of wretched straw :
 The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
 But swol'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread, &c.

Lycidas.

Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n,
 Whilst, like a puff and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose paths of dalliance treads,
 And reck's not his own reed.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to Travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 The friends thou hast and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with (10) hooks of steel:
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
 Bear't, that th'oppos'd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend:
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all, to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

SCENE

(10) *Hooks.*] Alluding to the grappling-hooks made use of at sea: some would read *hooks*, but we cannot be said to grapple any thing with a hoop. In the lines where the poet speaks of the habit, he evidently had this passage from the 19th ch. and 30th ver. of *Ecclesiasticus* in view.

A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gait shew what he is.

As most probably, in the conclusion, where he speaks of being true to one's self, he had this fine verse in the 49th *Psalms*.

So long as thou dost well unto thy self, men will speak good of thee. ver. 18.

See *All's well that ends well* p. 1. and 2.

SCENE VII. Hamlet, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
 Be (11) thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou

(11) *Thy intents*] Hamlet, we see by the foregoing line, doubted whether this was a good or an evil spirit; that is, whether its *intents* were to serve or harm him: of this too his friends doubted as we see in the next speech; and he himself again discovers the same fears at the latter end of the fine speech, Act 2. Sc. 8. By *questionable*, now, we generally mean *disputable*; here it signifies—involving question. The line—*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hear'd in death*, hath a good deal perplexed the critics, and is indeed very obscure: Mr. Warburton alters the passage; for *canoniz'd bones*, “signifying only bones to which the rites of sepulture have been performed, and *inburning* being one of the essential rites, it is necessary that be mentioned, which unless we read—*hear'd in earth*, he assures us it is not; *hear'd* being used figuratively for *reposed*, and death being a privation only, *hear'd in death* is nonsense.” Thus he would alter the passage—Sir Thomas Hammer, in the rage of correction, gives us;

Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth.

But if we let the passage stand as it doth, is it not possible to give it some sense? *Shakespeare* is bold in his use of words, and licentious in his manner: it is not improbable, he might use death for the grave, and that by no very far-fetch'd allusion; and then the passage is clear; why thy bones canonized, i. e. buried according to canon, and hear'd being in death, i. e. safely reposit'd in the grave. —Thus, even according to Mr. Warburton's sense of the words, the passage seems to be defensible: but may we not ask, whether the sense of this passage renders not the two parts of the sentence the same? for if his bones were *canoniz'd*, that is, had all the rites of sepulture paid to them, it follows of course, they were *hear'd in death* or earth, reposit'd in the grave. Mr. Warburton says, “*canoniz'd* cannot signify (what it usually does) *made holy or sainted*, for we are told, he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him, and therefore in no way to be sainted.” But we may observe, it is a son, full of the perfections of his father, (whose equal, he tells us, the world could not produce) that here speaks; no wonder then he should use the highest compliment: beside,

as

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royal *Dane*; Oh, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous? And us fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischiefs it might tempt him to.

(12) What if it tempts you towards the flood, my
 lord,

Or

As to his being murdered with all his sins upon him, that we know nothing of at present: 'tis the ghost himself only, that informs his son of that; and as he died not by murder, according to the general report, he was very likely to have been canoniz'd; it was very probable, his wife and brother might have got him fainted, out of their abundant *love* and *zeal* for him, when dead, and the better to conceal their devilish purposes; so that if we understand the word in this sense, a better meaning may be given the passage.

"Tell me, oh my father, (says the dutiful and amazed *Hamlet*,) why this wonder happens; why I see you again on earth; why those bones have burst their cearment, which, lately made holy and fainted, were hearsed in death, were reposit in the grave, or, at the time of your death: this increaseth my admiration; hadst thou not had the rites of sepulture, or only the common rites, I might have been less astonished; but thy bones were not only *hearsed in death*, not only properly and duly entomb'd, but made sacred too: why then has the sepulchre op'd her marble jaws? why behold we again the buried and hallow'd *Hamlet* on the earth?

(12) *What, &c.*] See the famous description of *Dover-Cliff*, in *King Lear*, Act 4. Sc. 6. *Beetles*, i.e. hangs over, in the same manner

Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And

as the head of a beetle hangs over, and is too big for the rest of its body: so, we say, a beetle-headed or beetle-brow'd fellow, for a heavy, thick-headed one. The line.

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

has something in it truly *Shakespearian*: *deprive*, is used in its primary sense, according to our author's frequent method: which might deprive, i. e. take away your sovereignty of reason, i. e. your sovereign reason. Mr. Warburton, at all adventures, condemns the passage. "*Deprive your sovereignty of reason*, i. e. deprive your sovereignty of its reason. Nonsense. *Sovereignty of reason* is the same as sovereign or supreme reason: reason which governs man. And thus it was used by the best writers of those times. Sidney says, *It is time for us both to let reason enjoy its due sovereignty*. Arcad. And King Charles, at once to betray the *sovereignty of reason* in my soul. *Εἰς τὴν Βασιλείαν*. It is evident that *Shakespeare* wrote,

Deprave your sovereignty of reason.

i. e. disorder your understanding and draw you into madness. So afterwards—

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune.

Warburton.

The reader, I dare say, will not be displeased with this note of Mr. Warburton; as it seems the best that could be given to confirm the reading in the text; *deprive your*, &c. may be properly explained as he desires, i. e. disorder your understanding and draw you into madness: for was it to deprive his sovereignty of reason, or take it away—that must be the consequence. If the passage is translated literally into *Latin*, the learned reader will immediately see its propriety: it may be unnecessary, perhaps, to add, he uses, *contrive*, in the same manner, in its primary sense: *contrive an afternoon*, i. e. spend an afternoon together. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. as he does frequently two substantives to express one thing; so, in *Othello*;

As when by night and negligence a fire
Is spied—

i. e. fire occasioned by nightly negligence: And in numberless other places.

And there assume some horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it,
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

SCENE VIII. (13) *Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold. *Ham.*

(13) *Enter, &c.*] The present scene betwixt *Hamlet* and the Ghost is so truly excellent and inimitable, that I dare say, I shall need no apology with the reader for giving it whole and entire. The Ghost, in peaking of the horrors of purgatory, says, he was confin'd to *fast* in fires; upon which Mr. *Theobald* judiciously observes, that it is the opinion of the religion here represented (the *Roman catholic*) that *fasting* purifies the soul here, as the fire does in the purgatory here alluded to; and the soul must be purg'd either by fasting here, or burning hereafter. This opinion, *Shakespeare* again hints at, where he makes *Hamlet* say, *He took my father grossly, full of bread:* and we are to observe, it is a common saying of the *Romish* priests to their people, "If you won't fast here, you must fast in fire."—It is a little surprising any commentator on our author, after this observation, could think of altering the passage and miserably degrading it either into,

Confin'd too fast in fires : Or, *Confined* fast in fires :

both of which to every true reader of *Shakespeare*, carry their own conviction : he could never have express'd himself so meanly on such an occasion, nor would have made his ghost talk of being *confined fast* or *too fast* in fires : *confus'd in fires* had been enough, and

Ham. Speak ; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away : but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I cou'd a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood : list, list, O, list !
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love.

Ham. O, heaven !

Ghost.

and much more poetical, was that all he had to have inform'd us of. The words *burnt and purg'd away*, shew the propriety of the reading in the text. When the *Ghost*, in telling his son, he was glad to find him so ready for revenge—adds, *duller shouldst thou bethan the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf wouldst thou not stir in this*—(for *should* and *would* are quite proper in their places; so we say,—*I should* have esteem'd you a coward *wou'd* you not have done so and so, and indeed the words are used very licentiously the one for the other) when I say, the *Ghost* talks of *Lethe's wharf*, we see the same inconsistency as in *Michael Angelo's* famous picture of the last judgment, where he introduces *Charon's bark* : Mr. *Warburton* observes, possibly *Shakespeare* might do it to insinuate to the zealous protestants of his time, that the pagan and popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility. *Tasso*, in his *Gierrusalemme Liberata*, very licentiously mixes the Christian and heathen system, tho' he is writing a Christian poem, and in one stanza calls the *devil*,

The ancient foe to man, and mortal seed,

yet in the immediately subsequent ones, he introduces *Silenus*, the sphinges, centaurs, gorgons, &c.—See C. 4. S. 1, 4, 5.

VOL. II.

L

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear;
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's heart,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul, my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce;) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But soft; methinks, I scent the morning air,——
Brief let me be: sleeping within my garden,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed *Hecbenon* in a viol,

And

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 (14) Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd, No

(14) *Unhousell'd, &c.*] This line has created the editors much trouble: both the words and the sense of them having been disputed. The old editions read, *unhouzzell'd*, disappointed, *unaneal'd*.—Of the signification of the first word there is no dispute, all agreeing, *unhousell'd* means, *without having receiv'd the (house) host, or eucharist*: the second, Mr. Theobald alters to *unappointed*, which he explains by, “no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church.” This reading is generally disregarded, and we find *unanointed* almost universally prevail, the sense of which, as indisputably as of the first word in the line, is determined to be, *without extreme unction*: *unaneal'd*, now alone remains unconsider'd; Mr. Theobald says, it must signify, *without extreme unction*; Mr. Pope explains it by *no knell rung*: the Oxford editor, by *unprepared*; and his explanation is certainly most just: “to *anneal* or *neal* in its primitive and proper sense, is to prepare metals or glass by the force of fire, for the different uses of the manufactures in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative sense to a dying person, who when prepared by impressions of piety, by repentance, confession, absolution, and other acts of religion, may be said to be *annealed* for death.” Thus, as it seems, the sense of the words is clear, and the passage plain. I apprehend the word should certainly have been *unaknall'd*, to bear the sense Mr. Pope gives it: however, be that as it will, we must certainly allow Mr. Pope to have been a proper commentator here. There are more arguments still to support the reading in the text: an attentive person must find great pleasure, in looking, as it were, into the mind of his author:

L 2

and,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head :
 O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint

and, as our thoughts on any subject always succeed in train, and are nicely associated, be much delighted with finding out that train, and tracing those *associations*. Let us see if we cannot do so in this passage : the poet is speaking of the misfortune of being cut off in the blossom of our sins, when we have had no means to atone for them, or to receive the benefits of religion : these benefits then must naturally arise in the mind : the greatest of which it is natural to suppose would occur first, the *blest sacrament*, the immediate consequence of which is, *extreme unction*, two so important and necessary branches of duty, that the loss of these was the loss of all, and we may reasonably expect he should particularize no more, but add—I was not only deprived of these, but also of every other *preparation*, and without any kind of reckoning made, sent to my last and horrible account. If we were to admit Mr. *Pope's* sense of the word, we must imagine our author's thoughts carried still farther ; “ without the host, without unction, without enjoying the benefits of the *passing bell*,” which used to toll while the person lay expiring, and thence was so called : nay, this shocking custom still prevails in some parts of *England*. The run of the line is no bad argument in support of the reading in the text : this manner of beginning each word with the same syllable is not unfrequent with the *Greek* tragedians, nor our best poets ; and besides it adds great strength and beauty.

Unrespited, unpitied, unprov'd.

Milton Par. Lost. B. 2. 125.

Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified.

—————B. 5. 899.

And numberless other instances, if necessary, might easily be brought. Mr. *Upton* explains *disappointed* and *uneduc'd* the same as Mr. *Theobald*, whom he condemns for altering *disappointed* ; which he esteems the genuine reading, and tells us, “ He cannot but admire the ignorance as well as boldness of those editors who have changed it.” *Observations on Shakespear*, page 181.

Taint not thy mind, (15) nor let thy foul design
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? O, fy! hold, hold, my heart,
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor *Ghost*, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe; remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory,
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by heaven;
 O, most pernicious woman!
 O, villain, villain, smiling damned villain;
 My tables—meet it is I set down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure he may be so in *Denmark*. [Writing.
 So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
 It is, adieu, adieu; remember me!

ACT

(15) *Nor let, &c.*] The author in this noble sentiment, doubtless alluded to the well-known story of *Orestes*, and his mother *Clytemnestra*. It would be unnecessary to say any thing concerning the similarity of this play to the celebrated *Elektra* of *Sophocles*; as, I believe, there is scarce an editor or commentator on *Shakespeare*, that has not mentioned something concerning it. The reader, if he thinks proper, may consult *Mr. Rowe's Life of the author*, (towards the end) or *Mr. Gildon's Remarks on Hamlet*, or rather, perhaps, than either, *Mr. Upton's Observations*, p. 49. 2d ed. It will too, possibly, be thought unnecessary to add, that it is reported, all this fine scene betwixt *Hamlet* and the *Ghost*, was written by *Shakespeare*, in a charnel-house.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address to her.

(16) My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Prince *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous, in purport
 As if he had been loosed out of hell
 To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Opb. My lord, I do not know,
 But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Opb. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
 And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it: long time staid he so;
 At last, a little shaking of my arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

As

(16) *My lord, &c.*] Nothing can express the hurry of spirits and agitation of mind *Ophelia* was in, more naturally than this description she gives us: 'tis another fine instance of *Shakespeare's* excellence in the *Hyperbaton*, which the reader will remember we remark'd just before.

The reader will observe it is said—he came with his stockings loose, ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ankle; that is, roll'd or turn'd down to his ankle; but to me there appears no difference in loose and ungarter'd, if they were loose, 'twas unnecessary to add ungarter'd, and so *vice versa*: the folios read, *foul'd*; now this gives another circumstance at least, and tho' loose and ungarter'd might be justified, yet *foul'd* expresses an additional mark of his madness and neglect of himself, and is, therefore, (in my judgment) to be preferr'd: perhaps the reader may think, *loosed*, used in the subsequent lines, an argument in favour of the word I would support.

Old-Age.

SCENE VI. *Happiness consists in Opinion.*

Hamlet's Account of his own Melancholy, and Reflections on Man.

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all mirth, foregone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory: this most excellent canopy the air, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man: how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights

delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so (17).

SCENE VIII. *Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.*

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That

(17) We have in the next scene some speeches from a play, which seems to have been a favourite of *Shakspear's*: the critics have been greatly divided in their opinions concerning the real excellence of the passages quoted: it is not my business to determine any thing concerning them, when selecting the *Beauties of Shakspear*: however, in deference to the judgment of our poet, I thought it incumbent upon me to quote the few lines following, which seem to merit all the commendation *Shakspear* gives them, but particularly the simile:

—————Then senseless *Ilum*
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base: and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam* seem'd to stick i'th'air:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orbs below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region.—So after, &c.

Mr. *Warburton* is of opinion, the play here mentioned was *Shakspear's* own: composed by him on the model of the *Greek* drama, with a design of restoring the chastness and regularity of the ancient stage: but failing in the attempt, he was forced back to his old *Gothic* manner: for which he took this revenge upon his audience.

The reader, if he thinks it worth while, may see more upon this subject, in the 8th vol. of *Warburton's* edition of *Shakspear*, page 267.

That from her working, all his visage (18) warm'd;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,—
 For *Hecuba*? What's

(18) *Warm'd*] Mr. Warburton reads, *warm'd*, i. e. turn'd pale or *wan*, for which he has the authority of the old quarto: the passage here is very confused, and the grammar very difficult to be made out: which is an instance of the author's great knowledge of nature, in thus making *Hamlet's* language to express the present hurry and fluctuation of his mind: I have often doubted the words, *with forms*. The words, *Ha? why I shou'd take it*—are from the folio: 'tis read in the other editions, *yes I shou'd take it*—any reader of taste will immediately see the superior force and energy in the reading here adopted: he, as it were, deliberates with himself—*Ha---why I should take even this*, for it cannot be *but* I am, &c.—Soon after which, he runs into a wild denouncing of revenge; and in the folio, ends with, *Oh, vengeance*, as it is here printed, which I admire the late editors have omitted; as to me, it conveys a great beauty. He is going on with his fiery and zealous indignation, and calls out *Oh, vengeance*—to which, when he is preparing to say something, by a most elegant break, he returns to himself, and as it were recollecting, cries—*Why, what an ass am I?*—This is most brave, &c.

Nothing can exceed the compliment *Shakespeare* pays his own art, in the following lines: it is generally imagined he alludes to a story told of *Alexander*, a tyrant of *Pheria* in *Thessaly*, who being present at a play of *Euripides*, called the *Troades*, was so sensibly touch'd that he withdrew from the theatre before the tragedy was concluded: being ashamed, as he himself confessed, that he, who never had any pity for those he murdered, should weep at the sufferings of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*. The reader, if he turns back to the 24th page, will find a speech there expressing the same dread *Hamlet* entertains of this spirit's being a wicked one sent to abuse him: *Orestes* too, in the *Electra* of *Euripides* entertains the same doubt that *Hamlet* does:

Orestes. Ἀρ' αὐτ' ἀλαστωρ ἐκ' ἀπεικ. σθεῖς θεῶν;
Electra. Ἰερὸν καθίζων τρίποδ'; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ δοκῶ.

Orest. Hath not some evil spirit spoke these things,
 Assuming the gods likeness?

Elect. On his seat,
 The sacred tripod? I by no means think so.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weep for her? What wou'd he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
 Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i'th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha! why, I should take it—for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Oh, vengeance!—
 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab;
 A (19) scullion,—fie upon't—foh! about my brain!
 I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:

For

(19) *A Scullion*] The foregoing word, *drab*, seems to countenance *scullion*: like a *drab*, a *sculkon*, the very meanest and lowest of the vulgar. Mr. Theobald proposed, and the Oxford editor has adopted, *cullion*, i. e. a mean-spirited, white-liver'd fellow, a bully, a stupid cuddon. *Ital. Coglione.*

For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before my uncle; I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil; and the devil may have power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this; the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hypocrisy.

We are oft to blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King. O, tis too true:
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
 The harlot's cheek beautied with plastring art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.

SCENE II. *Life and Death weigh'd.*

(20) To be, or not to be? that is the question;—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The

(20) For a particular instance of the difference betwixt the poet and the genius, let us go to two speeches upon the very same subject by those two authors: I mean the two famous soliloquies of *Caro* and *Hamlet*. The speech of the first is that of a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of virtue: all the sentiments

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
(21) Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And

of such a speech are to be acquired by instruction, by reading, by conversation : *Caio* talks the language of the porch and academy. *Hamlet*, on the other hand, speaks that of the human heart, ready to enter upon a deep, a dreadful, a decisive act : his is the real language of mankind, of its highest to its lowest order ; from the king to the cottager ; from the philosopher to the peasant. It is a language which a man may speak without learning ; yet no learning can improve, nor philosophy mend it. This cannot be said of *Caio's* speech. It is dictated from the head rather than the heart ; by courage rather than nature. It is the speech of pre-determined resolution, and not of human infirmity : it is the language of uncertainty, not of perturbation ; it is the language of doubting ; but of such doubts, as the speaker is prepared to cut asunder if he cannot resolve them. The words of *Caio* are not like those of *Hamlet*, the emanations of the soul ; they are therefore improper for a soliloquy, where the discourse is supposed to be held with the heart, that fountain of truth. *Caio* seems instructed as to all his doubts : while irresolute he appears determined ; and bespeaks his quarters, while he questions whether there is lodging. How different from this is the conduct of *Shakespeare* on the same occasion ! See *Guthrie's Essay on Tragedy*, p. 25, 26. and p. 97. Vol. II.

(21) *Or to, &c.*] The critics greatly disgusted at the impropriety of *Shakespeare's* metaphors, and not conceiving what he could mean by taking arms *against a sea*, have either inserted in their text, or proposed, *assail* or *assailing*, and the like : but there is none so frigid a reader of *Shakespeare*, as to admit such alterations. Propriety in his metaphors, was never one of the concerns of our author : so that if we were to correct every place where we find ill-jointed metaphors, we may alter many of his finest passages : the expression of *taking arms*, signifies no more than putting ourselves in a state of opposition and defence ; by *a sea* of troubles, according to the common use of the word *sea*, in the poets and other writers, he expresses no more than a confluence, a vast quantity, &c. — besides, *a sea of troubles*, is generally used to express the approach of human ills, and the misfortunes that flow in upon us, and it was among the *Greeks* a proverbial expression, κακὴν θάλασσαν. Thus we may in a good measure justify the expression ; at least it is plain enough to be understood, and I think we may with as much certainty pronounce it genuine, as some critics pronounce it false.

When I read over the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides*, I mark'd a passage greatly similar to the following lines ; and on reading Mr.

Whalley

And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep;—
 No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—

To

Walley on *Shakespeare's* learning, found he had likewise remarked it. "We come next," says he, "to the celebrated soliloquy in the 3d act, which seems so peculiarly the production of *Shakespeare*, that you would hardly imagine it can be parallel'd in all antiquity. Yet I will produce some examples of the same kind; one of which at least will shew how nearly two great tragedians could think upon the same subject. A learned gentleman has taken notice of the conformity which there is between a passage in *Plato's* apology for *Socrates*, and the following lines of this speech*. The sentiment of *Plato* is to this purpose; *If, says he, there be no sensation after death, but as when one sleeps, and sees no dream, death were then an inestimable gain.* And the verses of the poet are these which follow;

—To die! to sleep!

No more—and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ach, &c.—

To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub, &c.

And the whole has a remarkable similitude with these verses in the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides*;

Πας δ' ὀδυνηρός βίῃ ἀνδρῶπων
 Κ' ἐκ ἐστὶ ποινῶν ἀναπαύσις
 Ἀλλ' οὐ, τί τε ζῆν φιλτερον ἄλλο
 Σκοτῶ ἀμπισχο κρυπτεὶ νεφέλαις.
 Δυσίρωτες δὲ φαινομεν' ὅστις
 Τυδ', ὅτι φιλβει τὸ κατὰ γῆν,
 Δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἀλλὰ βίῳ τε,
 Σε ἀποδείξει τῶν ὑπὸ γαίης.

v. 190. & seq.

How full of sorrow are the days of man,
 Of endless labour and unceasing woe!
 And what succeeds, our hopes but ill presage,
 For clouds conceal, and darkness rests upon it.
 Yet still we suffer light, averse to life:

* Translation of *Tryphiodorus*, p. 76.

Still

To sleep! perchance to dream! (22) ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause;—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
(23) For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The

Still bend reluctant to those ills we have,
Thro' dread of others which we know not of,
And fearful of that undiscovered shore.

And in particular,

That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,

may be very well translated by this of the *Latin* poet.

*Nunc is per iter tenebrosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.*

Catull. III. y. 11. See p. 68.

(22) *Ay, &c.*] That fear is base
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her place of earth: you only dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There is the fear indeed.

These lines are from the 2d Act of *Massinger's Virgin Martyr*, who plainly took the thought from *Shakespeare*.

(23) *For, &c.*] The ills of human life are very finely and concisely enumerated in the 4th Scene of the 1st act of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*: and probably the lines are *Shakespeare's*, which may render them the more agreeable to the reader.

Since I have known frights, fury, friends' behests,
Loves' provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason:
It hath, &c.

See Mr. Seward's note on the passage.

For a full explanation of, the *insolence of office*—see *Measure for Measure*.

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Calumny.

(24) Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A noble Mind disordered.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
 Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down;
 I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey (25) of his music vows;
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like

(24) See *Measure for Measure*, and *Cymbeline*.

(25) *The honey.*] Here is a striking instance of *Shakspeare's* impropriety in his use of metaphors; the word *extase* is used in the sense of the *Greek* word whence it comes, which signifies—any emotion of the mind, whether it happens, by madness, wonder, fear or any other cause.

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and stature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy.

SCENE III. *Hamlet's Directions and Advice to the Players.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines: and do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-herods *Herod*; pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so o'erdone, is from the purpose of playing: whose end both at first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely), that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought

thought some of nature's journeyman had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be consider'd; that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

SCENE IV. *On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.*

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
(26) That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,

To

(26) *That, &c.* *Hamlet*, speaking of himself to those who would have search'd into his secrets, observes, (Sc. 7.) Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest

To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

SCENE VII. *Midnight.*

(27) 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world! Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business, as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother—
O, heart, lose not thy nature! let not ever
The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

SCENE VIII. *The King's despairing Soliloquy, and
Hamlet's Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
(28) It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double business bound,

I stand

est note to the top of my compass; and there is much music,
excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak.
'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe?
Call me what instrument you will, tho' you can frot me, you
cannot play upon me.

(27) See 2 *Hen.* VI. Act 4. Sc. 1.

(28) *It hath, &c.*] This passage has greatly perplexed all the
editors, and is indeed very difficult: it is read,

That of a brother's murder. Pray I cannot, &c.

*A brother's murder. Pray, alas, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as sharp as 'twill.*

——Pray,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curst hand

Were

—Pray, I cannot
Tho' inclination be as sharp as *th'ill*.

Amidst this multitude of conjectures, I must own myself not satisfied. I think by one slight addition we may greatly clear up the difficulty. The king, conscious of his own guilt, is desirous, yet afraid, to repent and pray: is it not natural that he should say;

A brother's murder—Pray, I [would, yet] cannot—

Now this slight addition will explain the next puzzling line: let us consider, what we may reasonably expect him to have said after this: "I *would* pray, but I cannot, tho' my inclination, [my great desire] to do so is no less powerful and persuasive with me, than the already determined resolution of my mind so to do: that is, I am no less desirous to do what I would (namely, pray) and cannot, than I am resolv'd to do so:" the seeming want of difference between inclination and will, causes all the obscurity: if the reader attends to that, and observes, that by inclination he means, a longing desire, a disposition to do it with pleasure; and by will, the determination of the mind, the actual resolution, I think all will be clear: and the words I have added in the foregoing line, if not genuine, (tho' they seem to bid fair for it) at least add to the explaining the poet's thought. The latter fine lines,

Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

throw some light on these in question: he could not pray, for his guilt defeated his intent: here he would try the force of all-powerful repentance, yet again is check'd by his guilty conscience: for tho', says he, repentance can do all things, yet what can it do when one cannot really and truly use it? when we are indeed desirous of repenting, but are by our guilt prevented from so doing: when we would fly to its aid, and be pardon'd for our offence, and yet retain the offence itself, and beg for forgiveness, while we still are guilty? the whole speech is a comment on itself.

In *Philaster*, the king is praying to be forgiven, tho' still retaining his offence, as here:

But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy ?
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past ; but oh ! what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself,
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above ;
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In its true nature, we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can ; what can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O, wretched state ! O bosom black as death !
 O, limed soul ! that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay,
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as finews of the new-born babe ;
 All may be well. [*The King kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. (29) Now might I do it pat, now he is pray-
 ing;
 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,

(29) It has been remarked, there is great want of resolution
 in *Hamlet*, for when he had so good an opportunity to kill his
 uncle and revenge his father, as here, he shuffles it off with a
 paltry excuse, and is afraid to do what he so ardently longs for :
the

And so am I reveng'd?—that would be scann'd—
 A villain kills my father, and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heav'n! O! this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him.—Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th'incestuous pleasures of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't:
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell whereto it goes.

SCENE X. *Part of the Scene between Hamlet and
 his Mother.*

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy
 tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: Oh, such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks

The

the observation may be confirmed from many other passages: in the next page, he himself observes, *that all occasions do inform against him, and spur his dull revenge*: but 'tis not my design in this work, to enter into exact criticism on the characters.

The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act!

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeited presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of *Jove* himself,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
(30) A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now what follows;
Here is your husband, like a (31) mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?

Queen. O, *Hamlet*, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter

(30) *A Station, &c.*] The poet employs this word in a sense different from what it is generally used to signify: for it means here, an attitude, a silent posture, fixt demeanor of person, in opposition to an active behaviour. Theobald. 'Tis very probable *Milton* took the first hint of the following fine lines from the present passage:

Like *Maia's* son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. *Par. Lost*, B. 5. 285.

(31) *Mildew'd ear.*] Probably he alludes to *Pharaoh's* dream,
Gen. xli.

And he dreamed and behold seven ears of corn came up on one stalk rank and good: and behold seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind, sprang up after them: and the thin ears devoured the rank and full ears. See v. 22.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards; what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
O, say———

Ghost. Do not forget; this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporeal air doth hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like (32) life in excrements,

Start

(32) *Like life in excrements.*] *Shakespeare* very frequently calls the hair an excrement, that is, without life or sensation, and his meaning here is, *Hamlet's* surprize had such an effect on him, that his hairs, as if there was life in those excrementitious parts, started up and stood on end. So, in *Macbeth*,

And my fell of hair
Wou'd at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't.

My notes on this play have so much swelled under my hand, I am oblig'd to lay aside a design I had of giving the reader a translation of the discourse between *Hamlet* and his mother, from *Saxo Grammaticus*, which is extremely fine, and will be no small amusement to the reader if he thinks proper to consult that historian; from whom *Shakespeare* has taken the whole of *Hamlet's* disguis'd madness; the scene before us; his friendship with *Horatio*; the death of *Polonius*; his banishment into *England*; his return from thence, and killing the usurper.—The *Ghost* seems to have been his own invention.

Start up, and stand on end : O, gentle son !
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience : whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him, on him ! look you, how pale he glares !

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
 Would make them capable : do not look on me,
 Lest with this piteous action you convert
 My stern effects ; then what I have to do,
 Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look how it steals (33)
 away !

My father in his habit as he liv'd !

Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
 This bodiless creation, ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasy ?

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time :
 And makes as healthful music : 'tis not madness
 That I have uttered, bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks ;
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen : confess yourself to heaven,
 Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come.

Queen.

(33) *Steals*—Some are for reading *stalks*, and in some later editions I find that word : he uses this word before, speaking of the *Ghost* : however, *steals*, is very justifiable.

Queen. O, *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master e'en the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good-night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let the fond king tempt you to bed again,
Pinch wanton on your cheek: call you his mouse;
And let him for a pair of reeky kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad-in craft; 'twere good you let him know.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-
fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work,
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard

VOL. II.

M

But

But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow 'em at the moon.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
(34) Sure he has made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd: now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward;) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,

Sith

(34) *Sure he, &c.*] This, says Mr. Theobald, is an expression purely Homeric;

Αλλὰ προσὼ καὶ ὀπίσσω

Λύσσω—

Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes,
Sees what *befel*, and what may yet *befall*,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

Pope, B. 3. 150.

And again,

Ὁ γὰρ οὐρ ὅρα προσὼ καὶ ὀπίσσω.

Skill to discern the *future* by the *past*.

Pope, B. 18. 294.

The short scholiast on the last passage, gives us a comment, that very aptly explains our author's phrase: For it is the part of an understanding man to connect the reflection of events to come with such as are past, and so to foresee what shall follow. This is as our author phrases it, *looking before and after*.

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed,
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That hath a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood,) -
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a phantasy and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O then from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

SCENE V. *Sorrows rarely single.*

(35) O, *Gertrude, Gertrude!*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions.

SCENE VI. *The Divinity of Kings.*

Let him go, *Gertrude*: do not fear our person:
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king

(36) That

(35) O, *Gertrude, &c.*] Doctor Young, in his *Night Thoughts*
 (Night the 3d) has plainly borrowed this thought;

Woes cluster, rare are solitary woes:
 They love a train, they tread each other's heels.

(36) That treason can but peep to what it wou'd,
Acts little of its will.

SCENE X. *Description of Ophelia's Drownings.*

(37) There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There

(36) See *Winter's Tale*. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy* it is said;

As you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it : but there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions, as you are my king, &c.

See Act 3. in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

(37) *There is, &c.*] The character of the jailor's daughter is as beautiful and every way comparable to this of *Ophelia*: it may be no disagreeable entertainment to any reader to compare them together: I shall only subjoin the following account given of her by her wooer.

As I late was angling
In the great lake, that lies behind the palace,
From the fair shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman, I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Hud so encompass'd it : I laid me down
And listen'd to the words she sung, for then
Thro' a small glade cut by the fisherman
I saw it was your daughter.
She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often; *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries,
I'll find him out to-morrow.
His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a heavy
A hundred black-eyed maids, that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, with daffadillies,

With

There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call)

There

With cherry lips and cheeks of damask roses,
And we'll all dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon: then she talk'd of you, sir,
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: then she sung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon* was a tall young man. The place
Was knee-deep where she sat: her careless tresses
A wreath of bull-rush rounded: about her stuck
Thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours:
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters: or as *Iris*
Newly dropt down from heaven: ripos she made
Of ruines that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies: "Thus our true love's ty'd:
This you may loose, not me:" and many a one;
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd:
And with the same breath smil'd and kiss'd her hand.
I made in to her:
She saw me, and straight fought the flood: I sav'd her
And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three or four
I saw from far off cross her: one of them
I knew to be your brother, where she staid, &c.

Act 4.

Mr. Sewall very justly observes upon this passage, the *Aurora* of *Guido* has not more strokes of the same hand which drew his *Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, than the sweet description of this pretty maiden's love-distracted has to the like distraction of *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*; that of *Ophelia*, ending in her death, is like the *Ariadne*, more moving; but the images here, like those in *Aurora*, are more numerous and equally exquisite in grace and beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is *Shakspeare's*, or that *Fletcher* has here equal'd him in his very best manner? Mr. *Warburton* peremptorily assures us, "the first act only of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, was wrote by *Shakspeare*, but in his worst manner."

M 3

There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook : her cloaths spread wide;
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element ; but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hamlet's Reflection on Yorick's Skull.

Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he
 pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once : this same
 skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* skull. the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick* ! I knew him, *Horatio*, a
 fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he
 hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now
 how abhorr'd in my imagination is it ? my gorge rises
 at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd, I know
 not how oft ; where be your gibes now, your jests,
 your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont
 to set the table in a roar ? Not one now to mock your
 own grinning ? quite chap-fall'n ? Now get you to my
 lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick,
 to this favour, to this complexion she must come ; make
 her laugh at that.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A spotless Virgin buried.*

(38) Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him ;
Anon as patient as the female dove,
(39) When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

(40) And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

(38) *Lay her, &c.*] An ingenious gentleman observed to me, he thought it an oversight in *Shakespeare* to refuse *Opbelia* all the rights of burial, as if she had drowned herself, when it is plain she was drowned by mere accident: the priest says, "her death was doubtful, and that it would profane the service of the dead to sing a *requiem* in like manner to her as to *peace-parted souls*. *Opbelia* was distracted, and not dying a natural death, but such a one as was in some measure doubtful, I think, *Shakespeare* may be justified; it is plain however, *Laertes* thought it a very unfair manner of proceeding with his sister.

(39) *When, &c.*] Golden couplets means, her two young ones, for doves seldom lay more than two eggs, and the young ones when first disclos'd or hatch'd, are covered with a kind of yellow down: when they are first hatch'd, the female broods over them more carefully and sedulously than ever, as then they require most fostering. This will shew the exact beauty of the comparison.

(40) *And, &c.*] This is a noble sentiment and worthy of *Shakespeare*: in the *Maid's Tragedy*, there is the same thought, but very meanly exprest;

A Health.

(41) Give me the cup,
 And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
 The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
 Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.

But they that are above
 Have ends in every thing.

Act 5.

(41) *Give me, &c.*] There is in the beginning of the play a passage like this :

No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder.

Shakespeare keeps up the characters of the people where his scene lies, and therefore dwells much on the *Danish* drinking : in another place he tells us :

The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels :
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

A custom, as *Hamlet* observes in the subsequent lines, greatly to the discredit of their nation, and more honour'd in the breach than the observance.

General

General Observations.

THE original story on which this play is built, may be found in *Saxo Grammaticus* the Danish historian. From thence *Belleforest* adopted it in his collection of novels, in seven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publish through succeeding years. From this work, *The Hystorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. 1. was translated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it must have been performed before that time, as I have seen a copy of *Speght's* edition of *Chancer*, which formerly belonged to Dr. *Gabriel Harvey*, (the antagonist of *Nash*) who, in his own hand-writing, has set down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted in the year 1598. His words are these: "The younger sort take much delight in *Shakespeare's* *Venus and Adonis*; but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmarke*, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by *James Roberts*, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servantes."

In *Eastward Ho*, by *G. Chapman, B. Jonson, and T. Marston*, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer asks him—"Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you mad?" The following particulars, relative to the date of the piece, are borrowed from Dr. *Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 85, 86, second edition.

"*Greene*, in the Epistle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a lash at some "vaine glorious tragedians," and very plainly at *Shakespeare* in particular.—"I leave all these to the mercy of their mother-tongue, that feed on

nought but the crums that fall from the *translator's* trencher.—That could scarcely *latinize* their neck verse if they should have neede; yet *English Seneca* read by candlelight yeelds many good sentences—he will afford you whole *Hamletts*, I should say, *handfuls* of tragicall *speeches*.”——I cannot determine exactly when this *Epistle* was first published; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* somewhat further back than we have hitherto done: and it may be observed, that the oldest copy now extant, is said to be “enlarged to almost as much again as it was.” *Gabriel Harvey* printed at the end of the year 1592, “*Four Letters and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene:*” in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Nash's* *Epistle* must have been previous to these, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applause; and the *Four Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Nash* replied, in “Strange news of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verses, as they were going *privilie* to victual the *Low Countries*, 1593.” *Harvey* rejoined the same year in “*Pierce's Supererogation, or a new praise of the old Ass.*” And *Nash* again, in “Have with you to *Saffron-Walden*, or *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt* is up; containing a full answer to the eldest sonne of the halter-maker, 1596.”—*Nash* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy called “The Return from *Parnassus*.”

STEEVENS.

THAT piece of *Shakespear's*, which appears to have most affected English hearts, and has, perhaps, been ofteneft acted of any that have come upon our stage, is almost one continued moral; a series of deep reflections drawn from *one* mouth, upon the subject of *one* single accident and calamity, naturally fitted to move horror and compassion.

It may be said of this Play, if I mistake not, that it has properly but *one* character, or principal part. It contains no adoration or flattery of *the sex*; no ranting at the gods; no blustering heroism; nor any thing of that

that curious mixture of the fierce and tender, which makes the hinge of modern tragedy, and nicely varies it between the points of *love and honour*."

SHAFTSBURY.

IF the dramas of *Shakespeare* were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of *Hamlet* causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of *Ophelia* fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the sop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of *Hamlet* there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats *Ophelia* with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which *Hamlet* had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than

than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill *Hamlet* with the dagger, and *Laertes* with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of *Ophelia*, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

The rugged Pyrrhus, &c.] The two greatest poets of this and the last age, Mr. *Dryden*, in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, and Mr. *Pope*, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that *Shakespeare* produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken; and that *Hamlet's* commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think just otherwise; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production. And I reason, first, from the character *Hamlet* gives of the play, from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us consider the character *Hamlet* gives of it, *The play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas Caviare to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* They who suppose the passage given to be ridiculed, must needs suppose

suppose this character to be purely ironical. But if so, it is the strongest irony that ever was written. *It pleased not the multitude.* This we must conclude to be true, however ironical the rest be. Now the reason given of the designed ridicule is the supposed bombast. But those were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And *Fletcher* wrote a kind of *Rehearsal* purposely to expose them. But say it is bombast, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. *Hamlet* presently tells us what it was that displeased them. *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* Now whether a person speaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common sense requires he should quote what they say. Now it could not be, if this play displeased because of the bombast, that those whom it displeased should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconsistencies and absurdities abound in every other part of *Hamlet's* speech, supposing it to be ironical: but take him as speaking his sentiments, the whole is of a piece, and to this purpose. The play, I remember, pleased not the multitude, and the reason was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire strangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those for whose judgment I have the highest esteem, it was an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, i. e. where the three unities were well preserved. Set down with as much modesty as cunning, i. e. where not only the art of composition, but the simplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But these qualities, which gained my esteem, lost the public's. For I remember one said, *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury*, i. e. there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. Nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, i. e. nor none of those

those passionate, pathetic love scenes, so essential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honest method*, i. e. he owned, however *tasteless* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaste and pure; the distinguishing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one observation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the justest picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more HANDSOME than FINE*, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of false art.

2. A second proof that this speech was given to be admired, is from the intrinsic merit of the speech itself; which contains the description of a circumstance very happily imagined, namely, *Ilium* and *Priam's* falling together, with the effect it had on the destroyer.

——*The bellifß Pyrrhus, &c.*

To, *Repugnant to command.*

The unnervd father falls, &c.

To, ——*So after Pyrrhus' pause.*

Now this circumstance, illustrated with the fine similitude of the storm, is so highly worked up, as to have well deserved a place in *Virgil's* second book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the *Roman* poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. *Hamlet*, his best character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the foolish *Polonius* tired with it. We have said enough before of *Hamlet's* sentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears start from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombast and unnatural sentiment produce such an effect. Nature and *Horace* both instructed him,

Si

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
 Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA
 LOQUERIS,
 Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.*

And it may be worth observing, that *Horace* gives this precept particularly to shew, that bombast and unnatural sentiments are incapable of moving the tender passions, which he is directing the poet how to raise. For, in the lines just before, he gives this rule,

*Telephus & Pelus, cum pauper & exul uterque
 Projicit Ampullus, & sesquipedalia verba.*

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of these causes.

1. Either when the subject is domestic, and the scene lies at home; the spectators, in this case, become interested in the fortunes of the distressed; and their thoughts are so much taken up with the subject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwise, by his faulty sentiments and diction, would have stifled the emotions springing up from a sense of the distress. But this is nothing to the case in hand. For, as *Hamlet* says,

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

2. When bad lines raise this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, instead of being highly figurative and swelling; yet, when attended with a natural simplicity, they have force enough to strike illiterate and simple minds. The tragedies of *Banks* will justify both these observations.

But if any one will still say, that *Shakspear* intended to represent a player unnaturally and fantasticaly affected, we must appeal to *Hamlet*, that is, to *Shakspear* himself in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon

upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the least hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciously moved. On the contrary, his fine description of the actor's emotion shews, he thought just otherwise :

—this player here,
*But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That from her working all his visage wann'd:
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, &c.*

And indeed had *Hamlet* esteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumstance to spur him to his purpose.

As *Shakspear* has here shewn the effects which a fine description of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whose business habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occasions; so he has artfully shewn what effects the very same scene would have upon a quite different man. *Polonius*; by nature, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally so much disguised as not to be seen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durst not have brought so near one another]; by discipline, practised in a species of wit and eloquence, which was stiff, forced, and pedantic; and by trade a politician, and therefore, of consequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom *Shakspear* has judiciously chosen to represent the false taste of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the finest and most pathetic part of the speech, *Polonius* cries out, *This is too long*; on which *Hamlet*, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It shall to the barber's with thy beard*; [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that

that all his wisdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pyrrhus* say on. *He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry*; [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he sleeps, say on.* And yet this man of modern taste, who stood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relater, no sooner hears, amongst many good things, one quaint and fantastical word, put in, I suppose, purposely for this end, than he professes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by *Hamlet*, cannot be ironical. The passage itself is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, should have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taste. From hence (to observe it by the way) the actors, in their representation of this play, may learn how this speech ought to be spoken, and what appearance *Hamlet* ought to assume during the recital.

That which supports the common opinion, concerning this passage, is the turgid expression in some parts of it; which they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We shall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines most obnoxious to censure, and see how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their conclusion.

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unborn father falls.*

And again,

*Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.* Now

Now whether these be bombast or not, is not the question; but whether *Shakespear* esteemed them so. That he did not so esteem them appears from his having used the very same thoughts in the same expressions, in his best plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the sublime. As in the following passages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, far outstrains the execution of *Pyrrius's* sword, in the character he gives of *Hector's*:

*When many times the captive Grecians fall
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.*

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the same manner:

*No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd at my offence.*

But another use may be made of these quotations; a discovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumstance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reason I have been so large upon this question. I think then it appears, from what has been said, that the play in dispute was *Shakespear's* own; and that this was the occasion of writing it. He was desirous, as soon as he had found his strength, of restoring the chasteness and regularity of the ancient stage: and therefore composed this tragedy on the model of the *Greek* drama, as may be seen by throwing so much *action* into relation. But his attempt proved fruitless; and the raw, unnatural taste, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old *Gothic* manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. **WARBURTON.**

THE praise which *Hamlet* bestows on this piece is certainly dissembled, and agrees very well with the character

character of madness, which, before witnesses, he thought it necessary to support. The speeches before us have so little merit, that nothing but an affectation of singularity; could have influenced Dr. *Warburton* to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a just resemblance of some of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few splendid passages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and spoke the lines in an affecting manner, because *Hamlet* had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them: for, "There are less degrees of nature (says "*Dryden*) by which some faint emotions of pity and "terror are raised in us, as a less engine will raise a "less proportion of weight, though not so much as one "of *Archimedes*' making." The mind of the prince, it must be confessed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a slight solicitation. It is by no means proved, that *Shakespeare* has employed the same thoughts clothed in the same expressions, in his best plays. If he bids the false husband *Fortune break her wheel*, he does not desire her to break all its spokes; nay, even its periphery, and make use of the nave afterwards for such an immeasurable cast. Though if what Dr. *Warburton* has said should be found in any instance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that *Shakespeare* was sometimes wrong in spite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed those very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. *Warburton* is inconsistent in his assertions concerning the literature of *Shakespeare*. In a note on *Troilus and Cressida*, he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of *Homer*; and, in this instance, would suppose him capable of producing a complete tragedy written on the ancient rules: and that the speech before us had sufficient merit to entitle it to a place in the second book of *Virgil's Æneid*, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

Had

Had *Shakespeare* made one unsuccessful attempt in the manner of the ancients (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom *Ben Jonson* would have been the first. Had his darling ancients been unskilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at least have preserved the memory of the fact, to shew how unsafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a scholar as himself, to have meddled with their sacred remains.

“ Within that circle none durst walk but he.” He has represented *Inigo Jones* as being ignorant of the very names of those classic authors, whose architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaster* he has in several places hinted at our poet’s injudicious use of words, and seems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at some of his descriptions and characters. It is true that he has praised him, but it was not while that praise could have been of any service to him; and posthumous applause is always to be had on easy conditions. Happy it was for *Shakespeare*, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm pursuit of her beauties, left to *Jonson* the repositories of learning: so has he escaped a contest which might have rendered his life uneasy, and bequeathed to our possession the more valuable copies from nature herself: for *Shakespeare* was (says *Dr. Hurd*, in his notes on *Horace’s Art of Poetry*) “ the first that broke through the bondage of classical superstition. And he owed this felicity, as he did some others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepossession, he struck at once into the road of nature and common sense: and without designing, without knowing it, hath left us in his historical plays, with all their anomalies, an exact resemblance of the *Athenian* stage, than is any where to be found in its most professed admirers and copyists.” Again, *ibid.* “ It is possible, there are, who think a want of reading, as well as vast superiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this astonishing man, to the
the

the glory of being esteemed the most original THINKER and SPEAKER, since the times of *Homer*.

To this extract I may add the sentiments of *Dr. Edward Young* on the same occasion. "Who knows whether *Shakespear* might not have thought less, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of *Jonson's* learning, as *Enceladus* under *Ætna*? His mighty genius, indeed, through the most mountainous oppression would have breathed out some of his inextinguishable fire; yet possibly, he might not have risen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books, which the last conflagration alone can destroy; the book of nature, and that of man. These he had by heart, and has transcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. These are the fountain-head, whence the *Castalian* streams of original composition flow; and these are often muddied by other waters, though waters, in their distinct channel, most wholesome and pure: as two chemical liquors, separately clear as crystal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the sight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could safely bear. If *Milton* had spared some of his learning, his muse would have gained more glory than he would have lost by it."

Conjectures on Original Composition.

THE first remark of *Voltaire* on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poisoned by his brother and his queen. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being ascertained. The *Ghost* forbears to accuse her as an accessory, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her son. I may add, that her conscience appears undisturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces so visible a disorder in her husband who was really criminal. The last observa-

tion

tion of the same author has no greater degree of veracity to boast of; for now, says he, all the actors in the piece are swept away, and one Monsieur *Fortenbras* is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when *Horatio*, *Osrick*, *Voltemand*, and *Cornelius* survive? These, together with the whole court of *Denmark*, are supposed to be present at the catastrophe, so that we are not indebted to the *Norwegian* chief for having kept the stage from vacancy.

Monsieur de *Voltaire* has since transmitted, in an Epistle to the Academy of Belles Lettres, some remarks on the late *French* translation of *Shakespeare*; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are discoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its insipidity, fallacy, and malice. It serves indeed to shew an apparent decline of talents and spirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals, in a plaintive strain, to the queen, and princesses of *France* for their assistance to stop the further circulation of *Shakespeare's* renown.

In partiality, nevertheless, must acknowledge that his private correspondence displays a superior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague shook him when he appealed to the public on this subject; but the effects of a fever seem to predominate in his subsequent letter to Monsieur *D'Argenteuil* on the same occasion; for such a letter it is as our *John Dennis* (while his frenzy lasted) might be supposed to have written. "O'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce *Shakespeare*: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux *François* quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans son énorme fumier." Mrs. *Montague*, the justly celebrated authoress of the *Essay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at *Paris*, and in the circle where these ravings of the *Frenchman* were first publicly recited. On hearing the illiberal expression already quoted, with no less elegance than readiness she replied—"O'est un fumier qui a fertilisé une terre bien ingrate."—In short, the author of *Zayre*, *Mabomet*, and *Semiramis*, possesses all the mischievous qualities

qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, sets the house which he has robbed on fire.

As for Messieurs *D'Alembert* and *Marmontel*, they might safely be passed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticism deserves. *Voltaire*, in spite of his natural disposition to vilify an *English* poet, by adopting sentiments, characters, and situations from *Shakespeare*, has bestowed on him involuntary praise. Happily, he has not been disgraced by the worthless encomiums or disfigured by the awkward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chace, not like hounds that hunt, but like those who fill up the cry." When *D'Alembert* declares that more sterling sense is to be met with in ten *French* verses than in thirty *English* ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—such contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every scholar will express, who may chance to look into the prose translation of *Lucan* by *Marmontel*, with the vain expectation of discovering either the sense, the spirit, or the whole of the original.

STEEVENS.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

INDEX.

I N D E X.

A

ACTIONS of the great,
always talked of, 62
Action, the power of it, 93
Actions, our, directed by providence, 247,
Address, a mad one described, 222
Advantage to be gained by foes, 77
Advantages of travel, 80
Affection, natural, akin to love, 61
Affectation in speech, 72
Affectionate child, 106
Affection, tender, 121
Affliction to a penitent mind pleasing, 129
Age, old, 223,
Age-Cluck, Sir *Toby's* recommendation of him, 63
Ambition, jealous of a successful friend, 148
Anarchy, the mischief of it, 164
Anguish of recollection for a lost friend, 126
Antony's ingenious acknowledgement, 143, vices and
VOL. II.

virtues, 136, softness, 133,
on his absence, by *Cleopatra*, 138, to *Cleopatra*, at his return from victory, 151, his despondency, 152, his love and disposition, 141, on his faded glory, 153,
Antony's soldiership, 143
Apolliopepsis, a fine one, 42
Ariel's description of his managing the storm, 30
Ariel, he enchants drunkards, 51, his songs, 36, 56,
Army routed, 200
Aufidius's hatred of *Coriolanus*, 160

B

Ballad's, a clown's love for 'em, 120
Beauty, 6, 65, its effects, 126
Beautiful person petitioning in vain, 90
Beauty neglected and lost, 93
Boy, a beautiful one, 64
Braggart, 195
Bullying, its advantages, 75
N *Caliban's*

I N D E X.

Caliban's curses, 34, 42
Caliban's exultation, 35
Caliban's promises, 44
Caliban, the sailors remarks on him, 44, a description of him, 52
 Calumny, 105, 231
 Care, an enemy to life, 63
 Cave in a forest, 194
 Challenge, 74
 Character, an ill one renders real desert useless, 127
 Chastity, 173
 Child, an affectionate one, 106
 Child resembling a father, 107
 Christmas time, the reverence paid to it, 205
Cleopatra, on the absence of *Antony*, 138, her falling down the *Cydnus* described, 144, her contemptuous raillery, 135, her infinite power in pleasing, 146, her supposed death described, 153, her anxious tenderness, 136, on the death of *Antony*, 154, wishes for *Antony* on parting, 136, her dream and description of him, 155, her speech on applying the asp, 156
 Clown, his idea of a great man, 124
 Clown's new gentility, 127
 Clown's love of ballads, 120
Cominius, his speech in the senate, 163
 Conceited governor, 52
 Confidence betrayed, 29
 Conscience, guilty, 48
 Continence before marriage, 49
 Conceited love, 70
 Courtier, 123
 Court, virtue stays not at it, 113
Coriolanus, an imaginary warning, 161

Coriolanus, his character, 165, his abhorrence of flattery, 167, his mother's resolution on his stubborn pride, ib, his detestation of the vulgar, 168, his prayer for his son, 174, his mother's pathetic speech to him, 175
Cydnus described, 144

D

Death, 154, 201, contempt of it, 108, the delay of it always wished, 101,
 Deformity of the mind, 76
 Deities, transformed for love, 114
 Departing greatness, 153
 Despair of pardon, 109
 Dirge, funeral, 199
 Disguise, 66
 Diffimulation in a religious habit, 76
 Dress, *Petruchio's* trial of his wife in that article, 9
 Drowning, *Opheia's*, described, 244
 Drunkards enchanted, 51
 Duty, doing it merits no praise, 161

E

Early rising, the way to eminence, 151
 Effects of beauty, 126
 Effects of jealousy, 105
 English curiosity, a satire on it, 43
 Evils of being in love, 81
 Exiles, reformed ones, 99
 Extremes cure each other, 6
 Fairies

I N D E X.

F

Fairies and magic, 53
 Faithful service, 103
 Falsehood, the baseness of it to a wife, 178
 Father, his fondness for his child, 103
 Father's tutorage, 30
 Father the best guest at his son's nuptials, 121
 Father's advice to his son going to travel, 212
 Favour, popular, the method to gain it, 165
 Feast, a sheep sheering one, 113
Ferdinand's swimming ashore described, 40
Ferdinand, his bearing a log, 49
Ferdinand, *Miranda's* offering to carry the log for him peculiarly elegant, 46
 Firm resolution, 156
 Flattery prevalent with women, 89,
 Flattery, the abhorrence of it, 167
 Flattery, its ill effects, 73
 Foes, the advantage to be gained by them, 77
 Fool hardiness, 196
 Fortunate moments, 30
 Fortune forms our judgment, 149
 Fortune, ill one, precepts against it, 168
 Fortitude and innocence, 106
 Friendship, martial, 170, common, 169, between kings, 101
 Friend, the anguish of recollection for a lost one, 126
 Fury expels fear, 150

G

Garland for old men, 114
 Garland for middle aged men, 116
 Garland for young men, ib.
 Gentleman, a worthy one, 98
 Ghost appearing in a dream, 109
 Ghosts vanish at cock-crowing, 205
 Gifts prevalent with women, 89
 Gold, 181
 Government, *Utopian*, satirized, 41
 Governor, a conceited one, 52
 Gratitude and resignation, 40
 Great man, a Clown's idea of one, 124
 Great minds respect truth, 134
 Great character of a noble gentleman, 65
 Grey-hound, 13
 Greatness, departing, 153
 Grief, real, 206, immoderate discommended, ib.

H

Hamlet's soliloquy on his mother's marriage, 207, soliloquy on the appearance of his father's ghost, 213
Hamlet on his father's ghost, the mischief it might tempt him to, 214
Hamlet and the ghost confer strongly together, 216
Hamlet's mad address described by *Opbelia*, 222, account of his own melancholy, and reflections on man, 223
Hamlet on the play and himself, 224

N 2

Hamlet's

I N D E X.

Hamlet's directions and advice
to the players, 232, reflections
on the king's soliloquy,
234, conference between
him and his mother, 237
Hamlet on his own irresolution,
242,
Hamlet on *Torick's* skull, 246
Happiness consists in opinion,
223,
Happiness attained, 12
Harmless innocence, 195
Health, 248
Hermione pleading her inno-
cence, 107
Honest wooing, 119
Honesty and honour, 106
Honour and policy, 165
Hope, 90
Hope, the lover's staff, *ib.*
Hounds, 1
Humanity on repentance, 52
Hypocrisy, 227

Jachimo rising from the trunk,
180
Jealousy, 104, its effects, 105
Jester, 72
Ignorance of ourselves, 78
Imogen's bedchamber, 179
Inconstancy in man, 98
Infant to be exposed, 107, 111
Infant innocence, 29
Infidelity in a friend, 98
Ingratitude 75
Innocence, youthful, 102
Innocence, its silence eloquent,
106, harmless, 195, and
fortitude, 106
Judgment formed by fortune,
149
Ivy, an usurping substitute
compared to it, 29

K

King in *Hamlet*, his despairing
soliloquy, 234
Kings, friendship between
them, 101
King-killing detestable, 104
Kings, their divinity, 243
Knowledge, sometimes hurt-
ful, 105

L

Labour, 195
Ladies, young, cautions to
them, 210
Launce leading a dog, 84
Life, loathed, 151
Life and death weighed, 227
Light of foot, 52
Loathed life, 151
Love in idleness, 70, conceited,
ib. resolved, 65, at first
sight, 4, true, 68, 119, in
reference to hunting, 61,
unsought, 73, extreme, 65,
commended and dispraised,
81, evils of being in it, *ib.*
forward and dissembling, 82,
fed by praise, 86, compared
to an *April* day, 83, true,
jealous, 86, contempt of it
punished, 84, true, 93, com-
pared to a waxen image, 86,
deities transformed for it,
114, more rich for what it
gives, 125, it encreases when
opposed, 87, compared to a
figure on ice, 91, unre-
turned, 97, prosperity the
bond of affliction the loser
of it, 123, the nobleness of
life, 133, banishment, 89,
his protestation, 49
Lovers wealth, 86

Lovers

I N D E X.

Lovers rest, 92
 Lover in solitude, 97
 Lover's praise, 134
 Lover's speech, 38, their unsettled humour, 146, parting, 177, commendation, 118
 Lover, a faithful and constant one, 88
 Loyalty, 149
 Lying, fit only for tradesmen, 123

M

Man in love, a comical description of one, 83, a selfish old one, 122, a complete one, 209, and even minded one and flattery, 233
 Master taking leave of his servants, 150,
 Melancholy described, 247
 Messengers from lovers grateful, 140
 Midnight, 234
 Mind alone valuable, 11
 Mind, a noble one disordered, 231
Miranda's compassion 28
Miranda offering to carry the log, 46, her amiable simplicity on the death of *Ferdinand*, 37, *Prospero's* boast of her, 49
 Mirth and merriment, its advantages, 2
 Mistress of the sheep-sheering, 114
 Mob, 159
 Money purchases the praise of fools, 76
 Money an inducement to matrimony, 4
 Morning, 206
 Music, 6, 36

Music, serious, most agreeable to lovers, 67
 Music and love, 59
 Mutability of the people, 135

N

Nature, human, its vanity, 50
 Nature and art, 115
 Nature, its force, 191,
 Nature, 103
 Nuptials, a father the best guest at his son's, 121

O

Octavia's entrance, what it should have been, 148
Ophelia's description of *Hamlet's* mad address, 222
Ophelia, her drowning, 244
 Others measured by ourselves, 13
 Outward appearance a token of inward worth, 63

P

Painting, 2
 Parting lovers, 177
 Pardon despaired of, 109
 Pastors, ungracious ones, a satire on them, 211
 Passion too strong for vows, 49
 Patience, 56
 Peace after a siege, 176
 Penitent mind, affliction pleasing to it, 129
 People their mutability, 135
Petruchio's trial of his wife, 9
 Poetry, its power with women, 91
Pompey's wish for *Antony's* captivity in pleasure, 143
 Popularity,

I N D E X.

- Popularity, 162
 Popular favour, method to gain it, 165
 Praise, love fed by it, 86
 Praise of fools purchased by money, 76
 Praise, its influence on women, 102
 Presents, little regarded by real lovers, 120
 Præternatural beings, 18
Prospero's threat to *Ariel*, 33
Prospero's boasts of *Miranda*, 49
 Prodigies, 203
 Providence directs our actions, 247
 Punishment of crimes delayed not forgotten, 47

R

- Reproof, too severe, animadverted upon, 41
 Repentance, 98
 Reformed exiles, 99
 Resignation and gratitude, 40
 Resolution, firm, 156, obstinate, 172
 Rising early the way to eminence, 151
 Royalty, inborn, 196
 Rural simplicity, 121

S

- Sailor's remarks on *Caliban*, 44
 Satire on women, 182
 Satire on time-serving worldlings, 77
Sebastian's escape described, 62
 Self-reproach and too severe reproof, 124
 Self-conceit, ib.
 Selfish old man, 122
 Senses returning, 55

- Service, faithful, 103
 Sheep-sheering feast, 113
 Sheep-sheering the mistress of it, 114
 Silence of innocence eloquent, 106
 Simplicities rural, 121
 Slander, 193
 Sleep, 41
 Solicitation, the season of, 171
 Song, 70, 92
 Song, the character of an old one, 69
 Sorrows rarely single, 243
 Statue, 128
 Substitute, an usurping one compared to ivy, 29

T

- Tendernefs, relenting, 173
 Tender affection, 121
 Things, lost, valued, 134
 Travel, the advantages of it, 80, 82
 Travel and study, its uses, 2
 Travel 5
 True love, 93
 Transport of joy and wonder, 126
 Truth respected by great minds, 134

V

- Valour, its estimation with women, 74
 Vanity, 72, of human wishes, 141, of human nature, 50
 Vicious persons infatuated by heaven, 150
 Virgin, a spotless one buried, 247
 Virtue stays not at court, 113
 Vows, unheeded ones to be broken, 87
 Vulgar, a detestation of, 168
 Wedding,

I N D E X.

W

- Wedding, a mad one described,
 7
 Widow compared to a turtle,
 129
 Wife married to her husband's
 fortunes, 7, her impatience
 to meet him, 185
 Wife, the baseness of falsehood
 to a, 178
 Wife's duty to her husband, 13,
 submission, *ib.* innocence,
 193, contempt of death, 108,
 loss, of all things dear, *ib.*
 Wildness of youth, 112
 Wisdom superior to fortune,
 150
 Wishes, human, the vanity of
 them, 141
 Woman, her tongue, 6, a
 lively one, 11, a captivating
 one, 125, should be youngest
 in love, 68, the three things
 hated by them, 91
 Woman in man's dress, 193
 Women, 149, flattery pre-
 valent in them, 89, a satire

on them, 182, the power of
 poetry on them, 91, sacred
 even to banditti, 96, the in-
 fluence praise has on them,
 102

Wonder proceeding from sud-
den joy, 126

Wooing, honest, 119

Worldlings, a satire on time-
serving ones, 77

Words, slowness in them wo-
mens Virtue, 91

Wreck described by a clown,

Y

Yorick's skull, *Hamlet's* reflec-
tions thereon, 246

Young ladies, a caution to
them, 210

Youth, wildness between thir-
teen and twenty-three, 112

Young gentleman, an accom-
plished one, 84

Youthful friendship and inno-
cence, 102

Lately Published.

THE
SPANISH INVASION;
OR
DEFEAT
OF THE
INVINCIBLE ARMADA:
A POEM.

WITH CRITICAL NOTES,
EXPLAINING EVERY PRINCIPAL CIRCUMSTANCE
OF THAT SINGULAR ENTERPRIZE, AND THE
METHODS THEN TAKEN TO DEFEND THIS
NATION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

*A NEW SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH.*

AND AN

INTRODUCTION

Proper to be read at this IMPORTANT CRISIS, which
resembles, more than any other Period, the danger we
were in during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, and
the Mode of our Deliverance under the Auspices
of Providence and that glorious Queen.

“ Britons !
“ Steer through these swelling dangers,
“ Plough their prides up, and bear like thunder
“ Into their loudest tempests !”

MASSINGER.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. MACGOWAN, No. 27, Paternoster-Row,
MDCCLXXX.

[*Price, One Shilling and Sixpence.*]

